HASTINGS
ESPIN
YACKEY
SECRET AGENT
DEADPOOL
MARVEL
PREMIERE GRAPHIC NOVEL

SECRET AGENT
DEADPOOL

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

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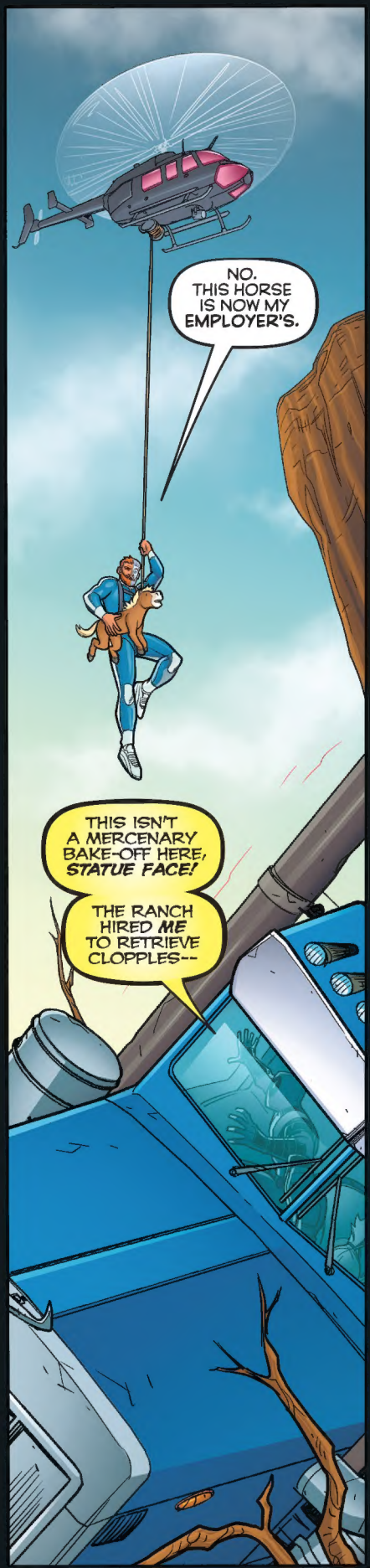
THIS GUN MAY HAVE A SILENCER, BUT I SURE DON'T.
D.NA 4.18

DEATH'S PLAINS, NEW MEXICO.
CLOPPLES, I THINK WE'VE DONE IT. I GOT YOU OUT OF THE RANCH. I GOT YOU ACROSS THE BORDER. NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE OUT HERE.
AND YOU DON'T NEED TO BE SCARED OF ME! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A REAL NICE LIFE FROM HERE ON OUT! EVERYONE WANTS YOUR HORSIE PUPPIES.
THAT'LL WORK OUT PRETTY WELL FOR BOTH OF US, A HYEH HYEH--
KNOCK KNOCK
EXCUSE ME, WOULD-BE HORSE PIMP?
WHAT THE--?

BANG BANG
NEIGGHHH!
MY NAME IS DEADPOOL, AND I'M HERE TO TAKE THIS SWEET LITTLE MONEY FACTORY BACK TO HIS HOME.
YEAH, YEAH. YOU'RE OFF THE CLOCK, HORSE. THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICES. BE FREE!
THIS HORSE, ON THE OTHER HAND...
LOOK AT YOU.
YOU'RE NOT JUST CUTE. YOU'RE "WE MUST MAKE MORE" CUTE. I SEE WHY THEY'RE GOING TO PAY ME SO MUCH TO GET YOU BACK.
NEEEIGHHH!
AW, DON'T BE SCARED! DEADPOOL'S HERE TO...
OHHHHH.
YEAH, THAT'S SCARY.

CRUNCH
YIKES.
WE DON'T HAVE A TON OF TIME TO ENJOY THIS RESPITE FROM A DEADLY FALL.
SO COME ON OVER AND I'LL GET US BOTH BACK UP ON THE KINDER SIDE OF THIS CLIFF--
WHP WHP WHP WHP
WAIT, IS THAT...
CLANK
IT SEEMS NOBODY CAN BE TRUSTED WITH THE SAFETY OF THIS SWEET LITTLE CREATURE.
WHERE THE HELL DID YOU COME FROM?
WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR FACE?
ALSO, THAT'S NOT YOUR HORSE!


NO. THIS HORSE IS NOW MY EMPLOYER'S.
THIS ISN'T A MERCENARY BAKE-OFF HERE, STATUE FACE!
THE RANCH HIRED ME TO RETRIEVE CLOPPLES--

I REPRESENT A DIFFERENT PARTY. NOT THAT IT WILL MATTER TO YOU VERY SOON.

I MAY BE WILE E. COYOTE-ING TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS VALLEY IN A SECOND, BUT PLEASE UNDERSTAND...
...IT WILL NOT STOP ME FROM HATING YOU FOREVER.

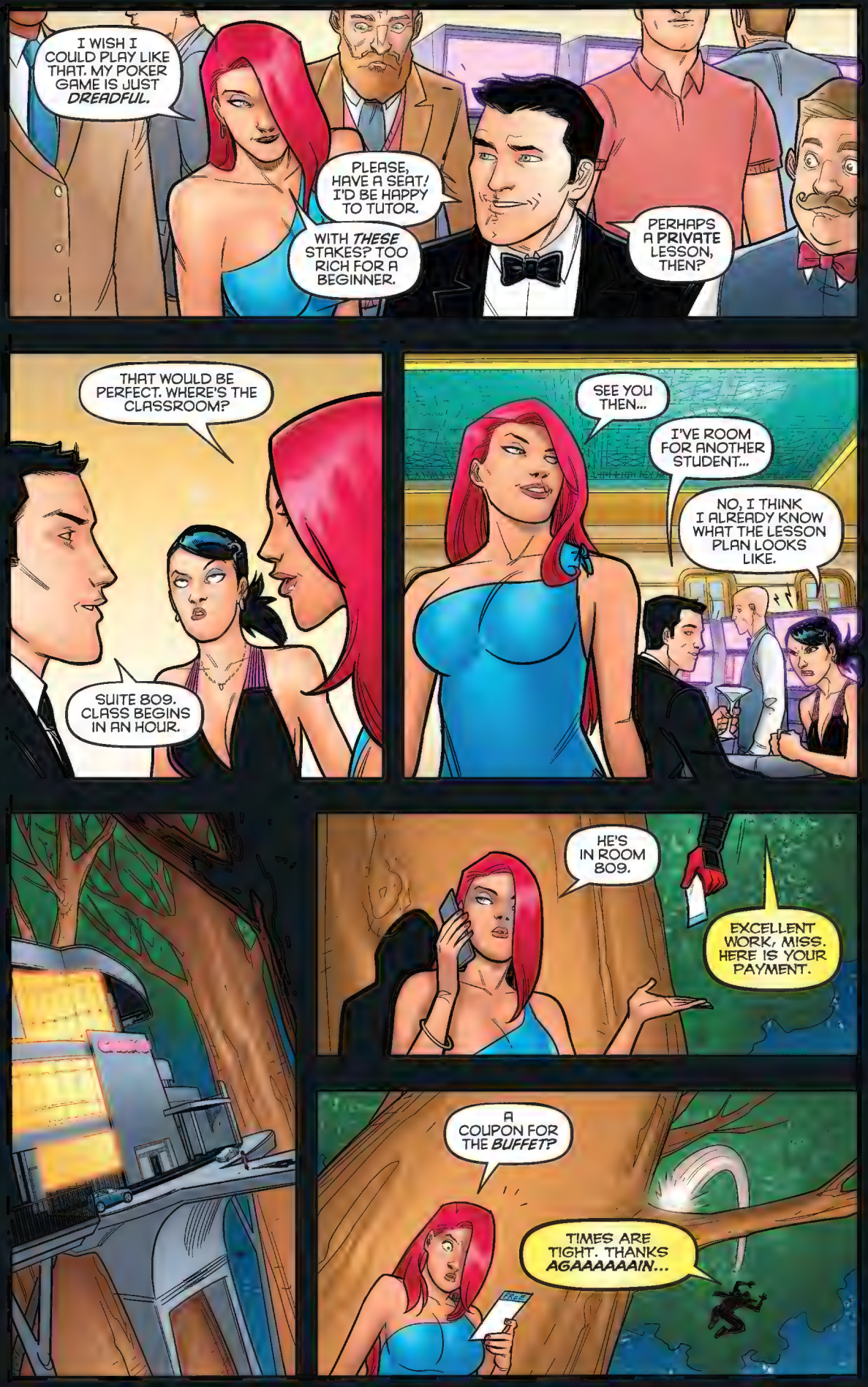
K-BOOOOM

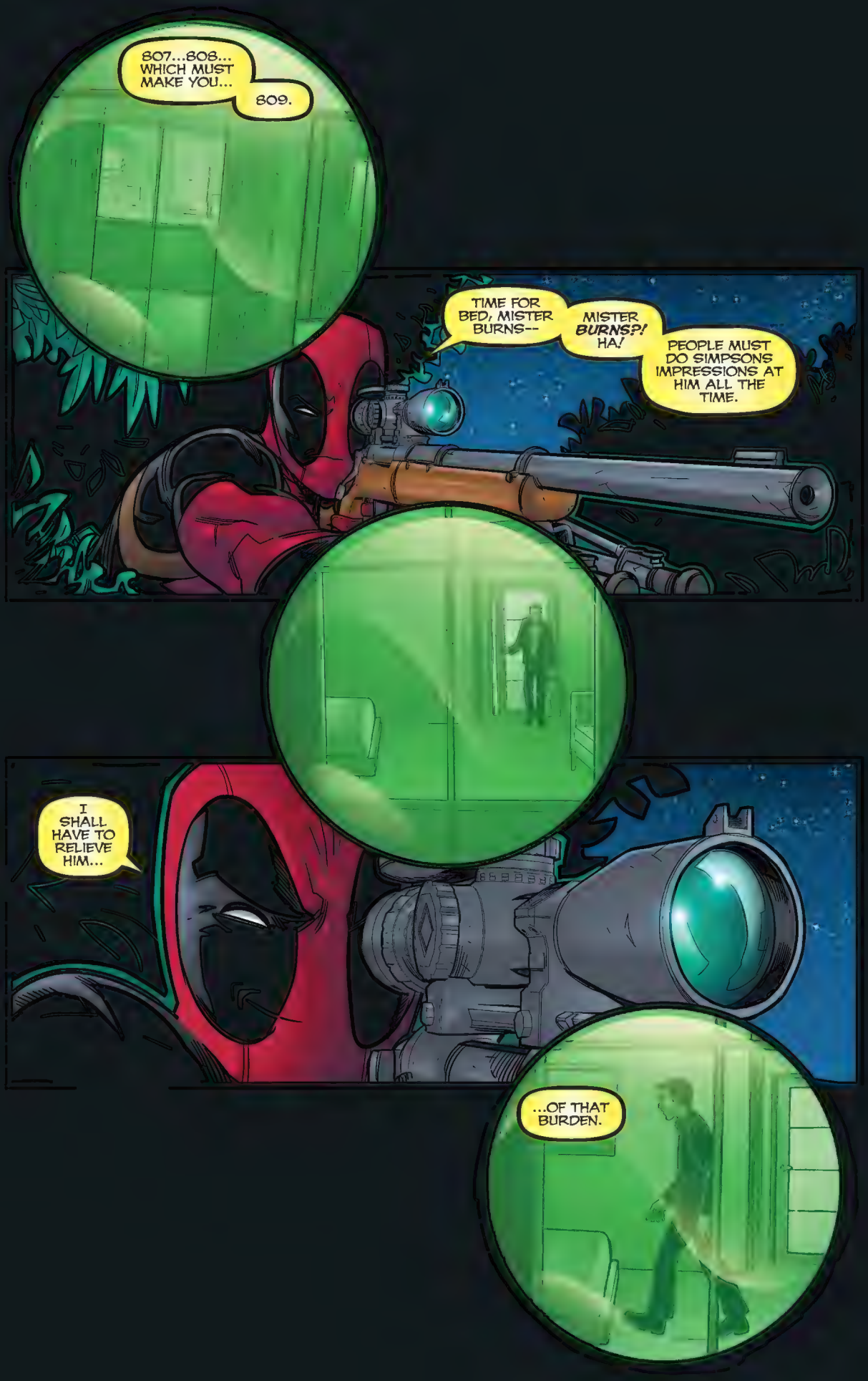
WADE WILSON is DEADPOOL in
SECRET AGENT
DEADPOOL
STUPID HORSE.
STUPID TRUCK.
STUPID HALF STATUE FACE VAGUELY EUROPEAN HORSE THIEF.
STUPID ALL-CONSUMING CRAVING FOR VENGEANCE THAT'S GONNA TAKE UP A LOT OF MY TIME TILL HE'S DEAD.
...
STUPID FIRE.
SALVA ESPIN

NEW YORK CITY. DEADPOOL'S "BASE."
NOTHING LIKE A BUSTED ELEVATOR AND A FIVE-FLIGHT WALK-UP TO REMIND YOU THAT TIMES HAVE CERTAINLY BEEN BETTER...
CYNTHIA, HOW ARE--
AH! A DEAD PILE OF BURNT TRASH WITH A MOUTH!
GOOD ONE. I'VE HEARD SIMILAR VERSIONS, BUT NEVER BLURTED OUT SO INSTINCTIVELY.
DEADPOOL MERCENARY SERVICES. YOU CALL ME, I KILL 'EM!
OH, IT'S YOU. DAD WANTS TO KNOW WHEN YOU'LL HAVE THE RENT.
MERCENARY SERVICES. YOU CALL ME, I KILL 'EM!
UH...SOON? I DEFINITELY DIDN'T JUST BLOW THE ONLY FREELANCE GIG I'VE HAD THESE PAST FEW MONTHS.

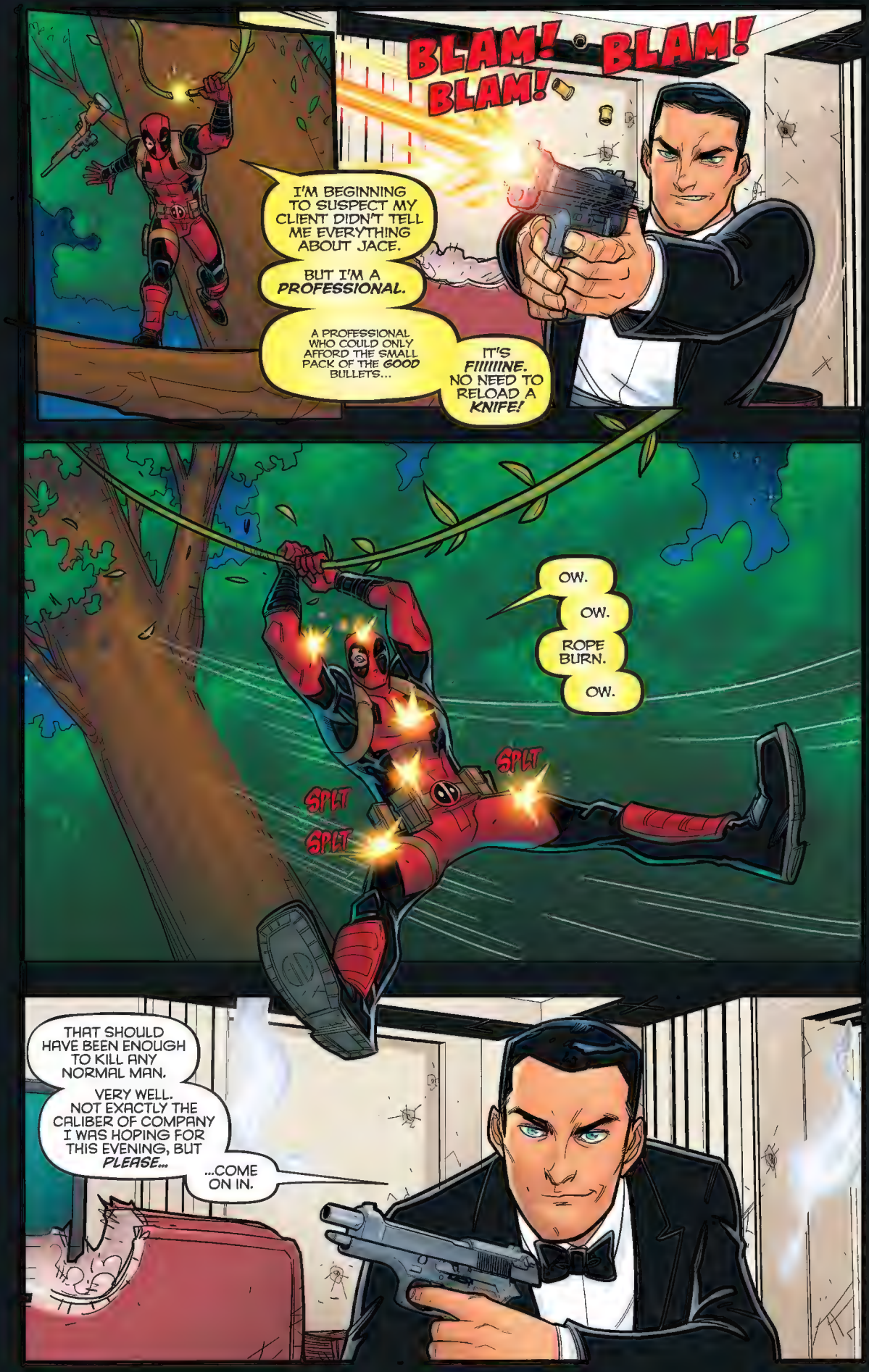
UNMARKED NUMBER...
CON-ED!
I CAN PAY BY THE END OF THE WEEK! DON'T DISCONNECT MY SERVICE--
...
OH! YES, THIS IS DEADPOOL SPEAKING. BUSINESS IS OPEN.
...
NO, I DON'T NEED TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE! RELAX! IS THIS YOUR FIRST TIME?
...
SLEPT WITH YOUR WIFE. TYPICAL. AND YOU WANT ME TO KILL HIM? AND NOT YOUR WIFE? I CAN DO A TWO-FER--
...
THAT'S VERY CHRISTIAN OF YOU. GOT A PICTURE OF THE SOON-TO-BE DEAD MAN?
DING
HE'LL LEAVE A GOOD-LOOKING CORPSE.
AND HOW MUCH ARE YOU LOOKING TO SPEND?
...
UH-HUH.
NO, THAT'S FINE.
IT'LL HELP ME LEASE A CAR TO LIVE IN WHEN I'M EVICTED.
PAST DUE
PAST DUE

REDWOOD RESORT AND CASINO, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.
CASINO
CASINO
ACES HIGH. THE GENTLEMAN WINS.
CURSE MY LUCK.
DON'T BLAME IT ALL ON *LUCK*. GIVE YOUR *OPPONENT* SOME OF THE CREDIT.
AND *WHO* WOULD MY OPPONENT BE, MISTER...
BURNS.
JACE BURNS.


I WISH I COULD PLAY LIKE THAT. MY POKER GAME IS JUST DREADFUL.
PLEASE, HAVE A SEAT! I'D BE HAPPY TO TUTOR.
WITH THESE STAKES? TOO RICH FOR A BEGINNER.
PERHAPS A PRIVATE LESSON, THEN?
THAT WOULD BE PERFECT. WHERE'S THE CLASSROOM?
SUITE 809. CLASS BEGINS IN AN HOUR.
SEE YOU THEN...
I'VE ROOM FOR ANOTHER STUDENT...
NO, I THINK I ALREADY KNOW WHAT THE LESSON PLAN LOOKS LIKE.
HE'S IN ROOM 809.
EXCELLENT WORK, MISS. HERE IS YOUR PAYMENT.
A COUPON FOR THE BUFFET?
TIMES ARE TIGHT. THANKS AGAAAAAAIN...
FREE


807...808... WHICH MUST MAKE YOU...
809.
TIME FOR BED, MISTER BURNS--
MISTER BURNS?! HA!
PEOPLE MUST DO SIMPSONS IMPRESSIONS AT HIM ALL THE TIME.
I SHALL HAVE TO RELIEVE HIM...
...OF THAT BURDEN.

BLAM!
AH! WHAT?!
YOU SHOT ME!
YOU SHOT ME?!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
YOU SHOT ME IN THE EYE!


BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT MY CLIENT DIDN'T TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT JACE.
BUT I'M A PROFESSIONAL.
A PROFESSIONAL WHO COULD ONLY AFFORD THE SMALL PACK OF THE GOOD BULLETS...
IT'S FIIIIINE. NO NEED TO RELOAD A KNIFE!
OW.
OW.
ROPE BURN.
OW.
SPLT
SPLT
SPLT
THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO KILL ANY NORMAL MAN.
VERY WELL. NOT EXACTLY THE CALIBER OF COMPANY I WAS HOPING FOR THIS EVENING, BUT PLEASE...
...COME ON IN.

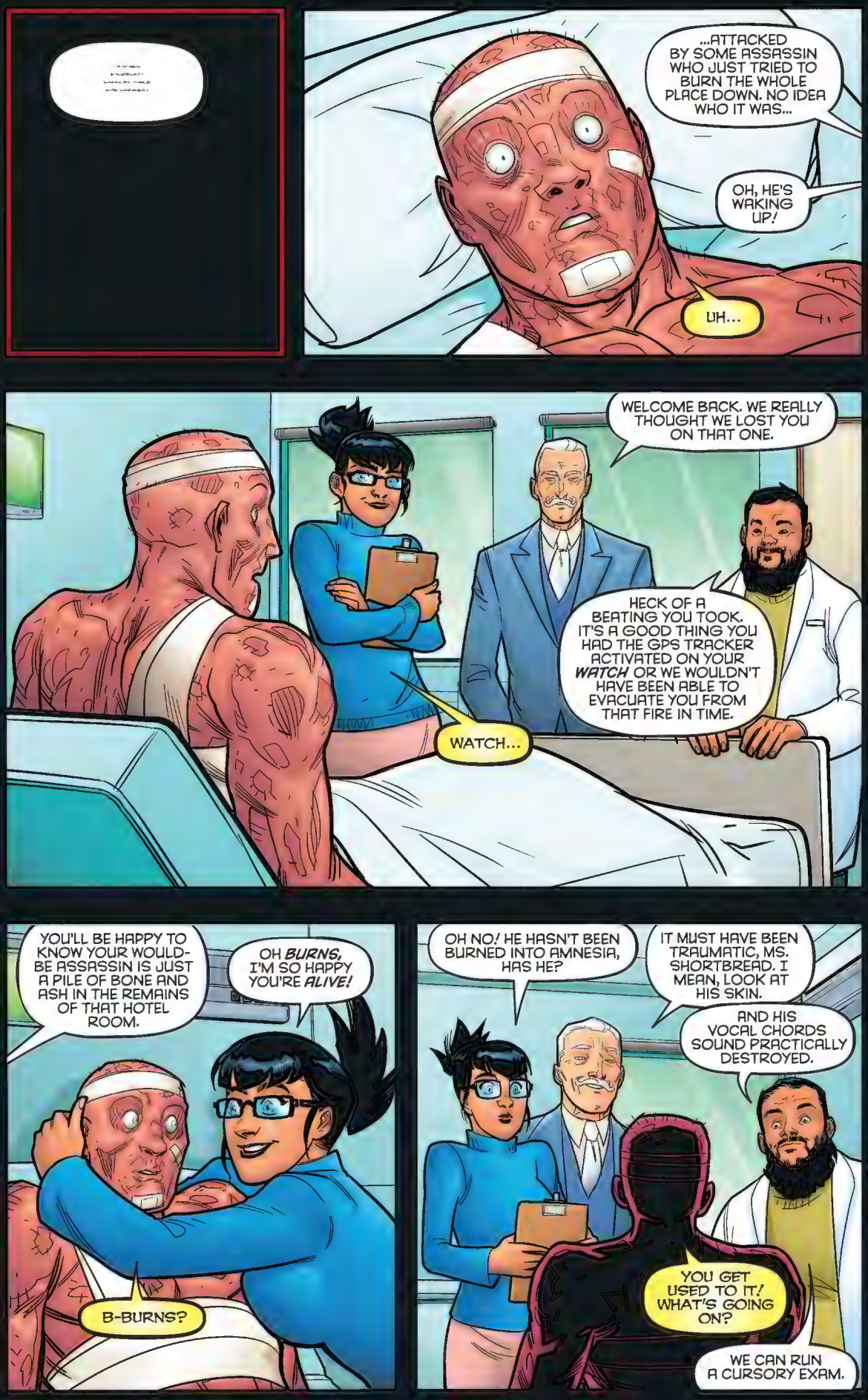
THANKS I WILL. AND NO, TIME TO TALK KNIFE KNIFE KNIFE-- KNIFE KNIFE SURPRISE!
I THINK NOT.
WHAT?! HOW DID YOU--
WHUD
WHO SENT YOU?!
SOMEBODY WHO'S VERY UPSET OVER THE TIME YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING WITH THEIR WIFE.
THAT DOESN'T NARROW THINGS DOWN VERY MUCH.
HOW ARE YOU ALIVE?
DEADPOOL'S SIGNATURE HEALING FACTOR, BABY! IT MAKES ME WAY GROSSER THAN A PRETTY BOY LIKE YOU, BUT...
SPLUT SPLUT
CRACK
...YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF OPPORTUNITY TO CATCH UP WHEN WORMS EAT YOUR CORPSE.

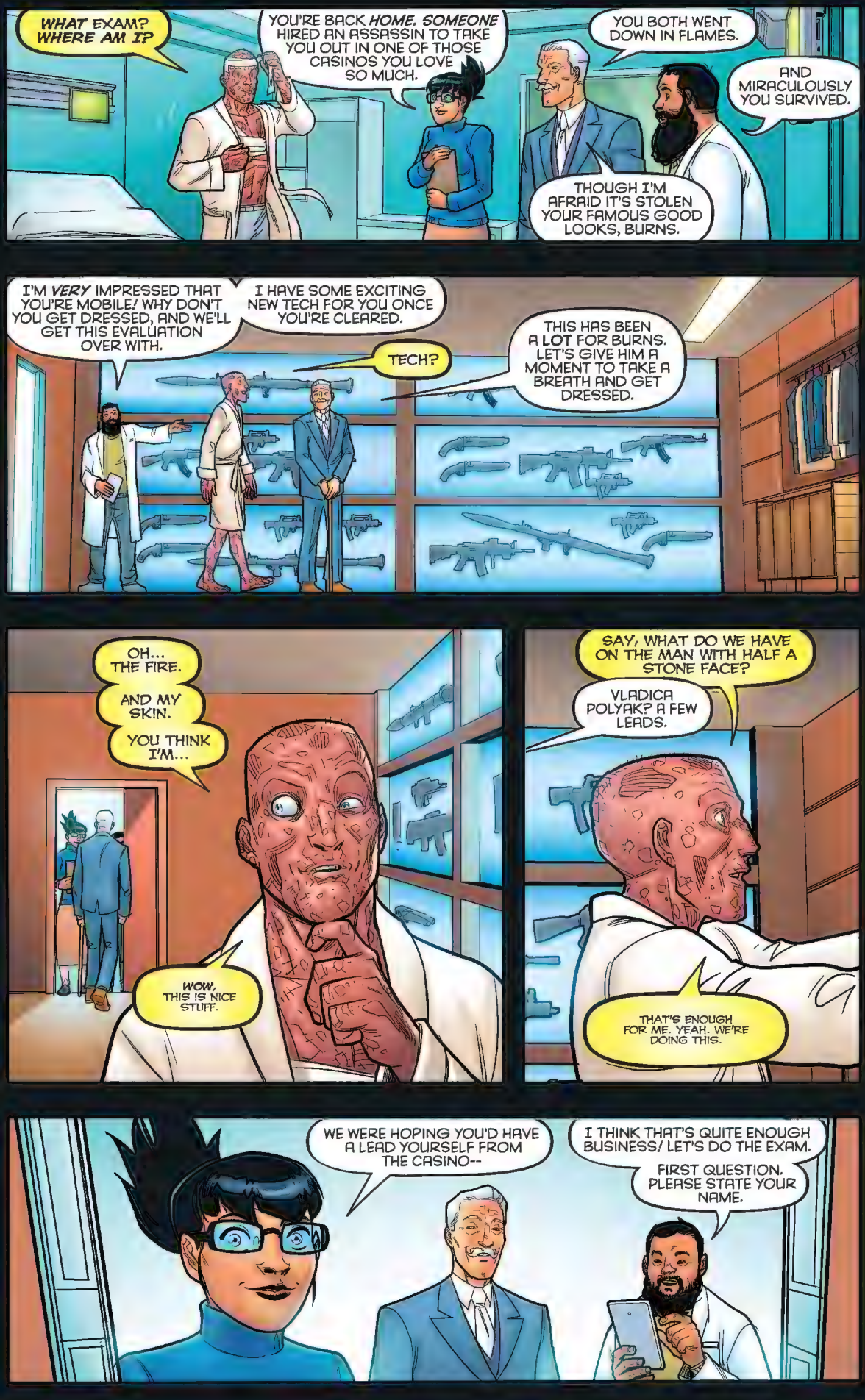
INTERESTING. I THINK I HAVE--
ARE YOU CHECKING YOUR WATCH?
DUDE.
THE LADY AIN'T COMING!
NO, I FIGURED THAT OUT. THANK YOU.
BOOM
BOOM
BOOM
OH DAMMIT.
YOU'RE NOT JUST SOME HOME-WRECKER.
YOU'RE A !@#$% SECRET AGENT.
I'M NOT GETTING PAID NEARLY ENOUGH FOR THIS.

GIMME THAT!
NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! STOP IT!
NGGYAAH!
SHRRIIIPT
CLICK
GOT YOUR MAGIC MISSILE WATCH!
NO! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT WORKS! YOU JUST--

B-B-B-
BOOM BOOM
BOOM
B-BOOM!
C-CRCKKK
AAAAAH!!!
UH-HUH. SO THAT'S A PRETTY COMPLICATED PIECE OF EQUIPMENT TO JUST HAVE CONTROLS THAT ARE BASICALLY "WIND THIS WAY" OR "WIND THE OTHER WAY."
FWOOSH

WHAM
DO YOU HAVE SOME SORT OF "GET ME THE HELL OUT OF THIS FLAMING TOMB" GADGET?
HECK, I'D TAKE A MINT. A COOL WINTERGREEN MINT WOULD BE LOVELY.
WHATEVER YA GOT.
HALF STONE STATUE FACE VAGUELY EUROPEAN GUY?! MY MOST RECENT AND MOST HATED NEMESIS?!
AND SOME OTHER PERSON?!
THAT'S A PRETTY BIG COINCIDENCE!
WHO ARE YOU?!
WHO---
COUGH
...ARE---
THUMP


...ATTACKED BY SOME ASSASSIN WHO JUST TRIED TO BURN THE WHOLE PLACE DOWN. NO IDEA WHO IT WAS...
OH, HE'S WAKING UP!
UH...
WELCOME BACK. WE REALLY THOUGHT WE LOST YOU ON THAT ONE.
HECK OF A BEATING YOU TOOK. IT'S A GOOD THING YOU HAD THE GPS TRACKER ACTIVATED ON YOUR WATCH OR WE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO EVACUATE YOU FROM THAT FIRE IN TIME.
WATCH...
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW YOUR WOULD-BE ASSASSIN IS JUST A PILE OF BONE AND ASH IN THE REMAINS OF THAT HOTEL ROOM.
OH BURNS, I'M SO HAPPY YOU'RE ALIVE!
B-BURNS?
OH NO! HE HASN'T BEEN BURNED INTO AMNESIA, HAS HE?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN TRAUMATIC, MS. SHORTBREAD. I MEAN, LOOK AT HIS SKIN.
AND HIS VOCAL CHORDS SOUND PRACTICALLY DESTROYED.
YOU GET USED TO IT! WHAT'S GOING ON?
WE CAN RUN A CURSORY EXAM.


WHAT EXAM? WHERE AM I?
YOU'RE BACK HOME. SOMEONE HIRED AN ASSASSIN TO TAKE YOU OUT IN ONE OF THOSE CASINOS YOU LOVE SO MUCH.
YOU BOTH WENT DOWN IN FLAMES.
AND MIRACULOUSLY YOU SURVIVED.
THOUGH I'M AFRAID IT'S STOLEN YOUR FAMOUS GOOD LOOKS, BURNS.
I'M VERY IMPRESSED THAT YOU'RE MOBILE! WHY DON'T YOU GET DRESSED, AND WE'LL GET THIS EVALUATION OVER WITH.
I HAVE SOME EXCITING NEW TECH FOR YOU ONCE YOU'RE CLEARED.
TECH?
THIS HAS BEEN A LOT FOR BURNS. LET'S GIVE HIM A MOMENT TO TAKE A BREATH AND GET DRESSED.
OH... THE FIRE.
AND MY SKIN.
YOU THINK I'M...
WOW, THIS IS NICE STUFF.
SAY, WHAT DO WE HAVE ON THE MAN WITH HALF A STONE FACE?
VLADICA POLYAK? A FEW LEADS.
THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME. YEAH. WE'RE DOING THIS.
WE WERE HOPING YOU'D HAVE A LEAD YOURSELF FROM THE CASINO--
I THINK THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH BUSINESS! LET'S DO THE EXAM.
FIRST QUESTION. PLEASE STATE YOUR NAME.

BURNS.
JACE BURNS.
THANK YOU, BURNS. NEXT QUESTION...
BURNS ALIVE. ASSASSIN DEAD.
AGENT BURNS SURVIVED...
THEN *WE'LL* JUST HAVE TO MAKE A BETTER ATTEMPT, WON'T WE, CLOPPLES?

DNA
0.10

DEATH'S GATE ISLAND.
"DEATH'S GATE"! THE MYTHICAL PORTAL SAID TO OFFER DEATH HERSELF AN EASY MEANS TO FERRY HER CARGO FROM THIS WORLD TO THE NEXT!
BUT THE MYTH IS NOT THE PORTAL'S EXISTENCE...
...THE MYTH IS ITS DESTINATION! THIS DOOR CAN OPEN ANYWHERE, NOT JUST SOME LAND OF THE DEAD. AND AT ITS SIZE, I CAN USE IT TO DROP ENTIRE ARMADAS ON INVADED LANDS.
BUT FIRST A TEST. THE PORTAL NOW PLACES US RIGHT ABOVE TIMES SQUARE. IT'S A LONG TRIP DOWN, AND WITH JACE BURNS OUT OF THE WAY, I THINK THIS MAY BE YOUR FINAL FLIGHT.
I'M AFRAID I'M ALWAYS IN THE WAY, GENERAL.
EH?!

JACE BURNS, YOU'VE SAVED THE WORLD *AGAIN.*
I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT YOUR *SATELLITE-HACKING* AND *UNDERWATER-BOMB-DEFUSING* SKILLS, GOODFACE.

C A S T

JACE BURNS
WADE WILSON

LADY WHO ALMOST DIED
CHRISTINA GOODFACE

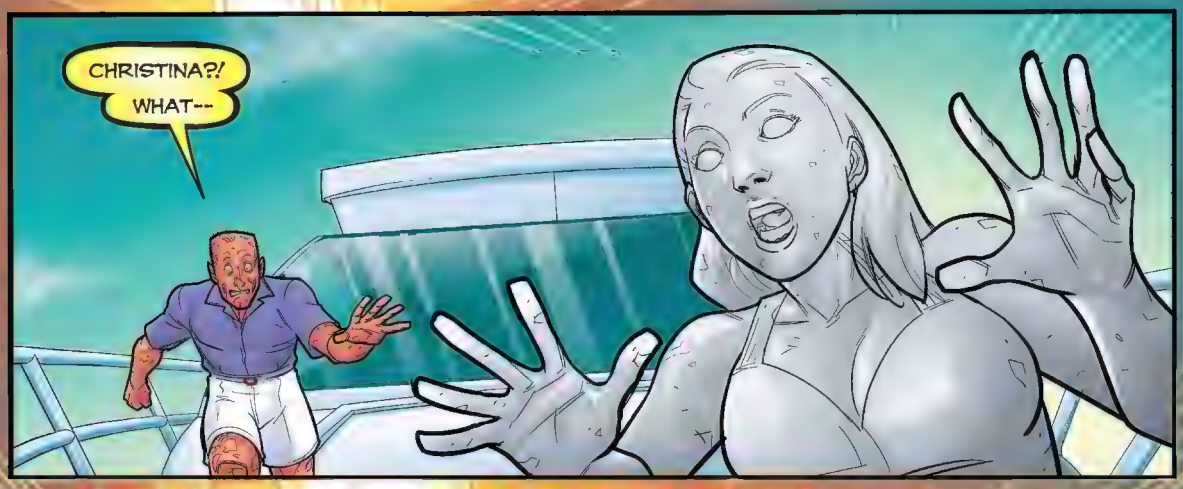
OLD GENERAL WHO MISSES A SIMPLER TIME WHEN HIS COUNTRY WAS A TERRIFYING GLOBAL FORCE
CHUL-MU BAK

SECRET AGENCY HEAD WHO RELIES ON BURNS BUT FINDS HIS METHODS FRUSTRATING AND PERHAPS A BIT OUTDATED AND OVERLY BLUNT
REGINALD BLANK

GUY WHO MAKES ALL THE COOL GADGETS THAT BURNS RUIN
IMPOSS
DESIG
RESIDENCE

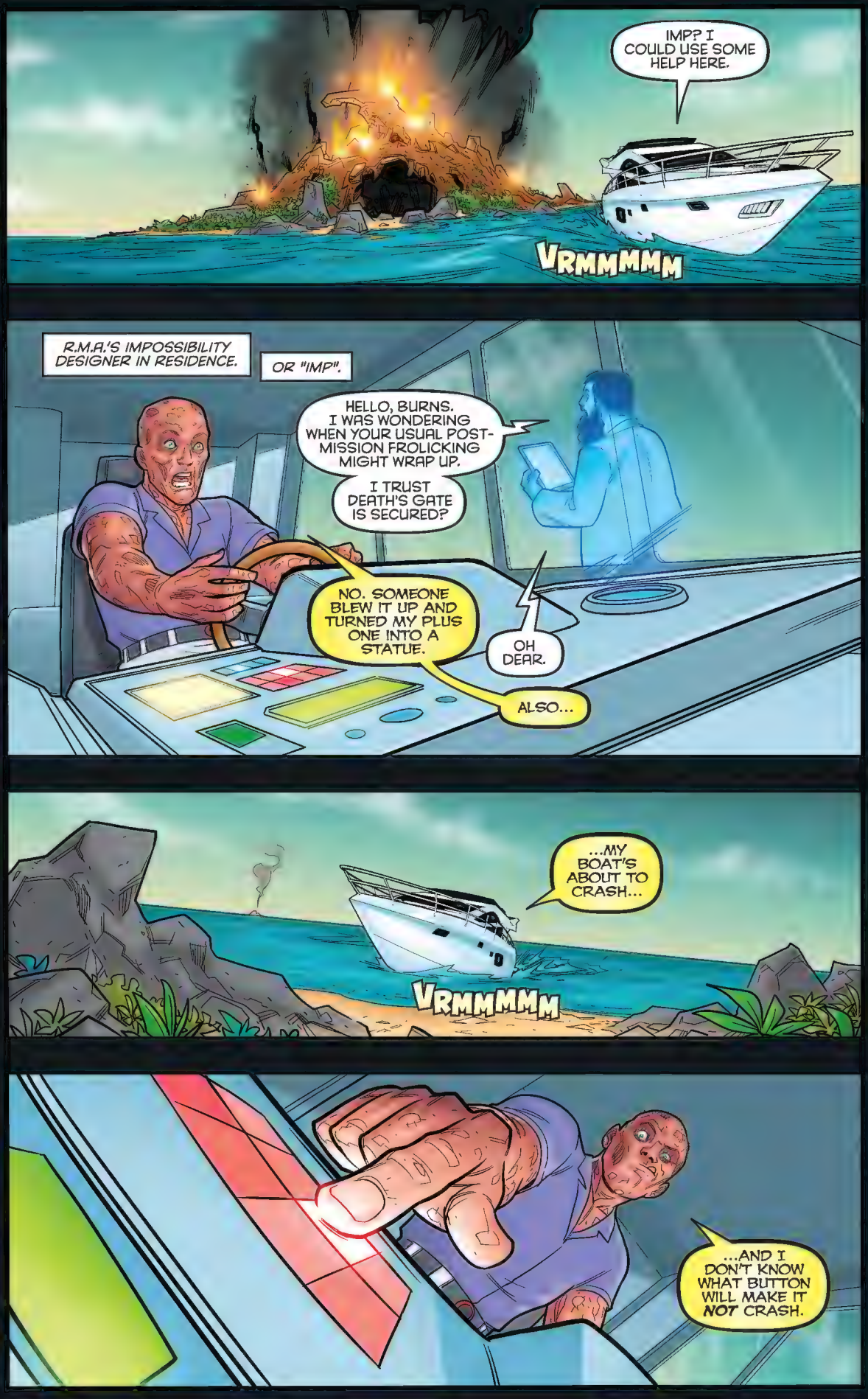
JACE BURNS WILL RETURN

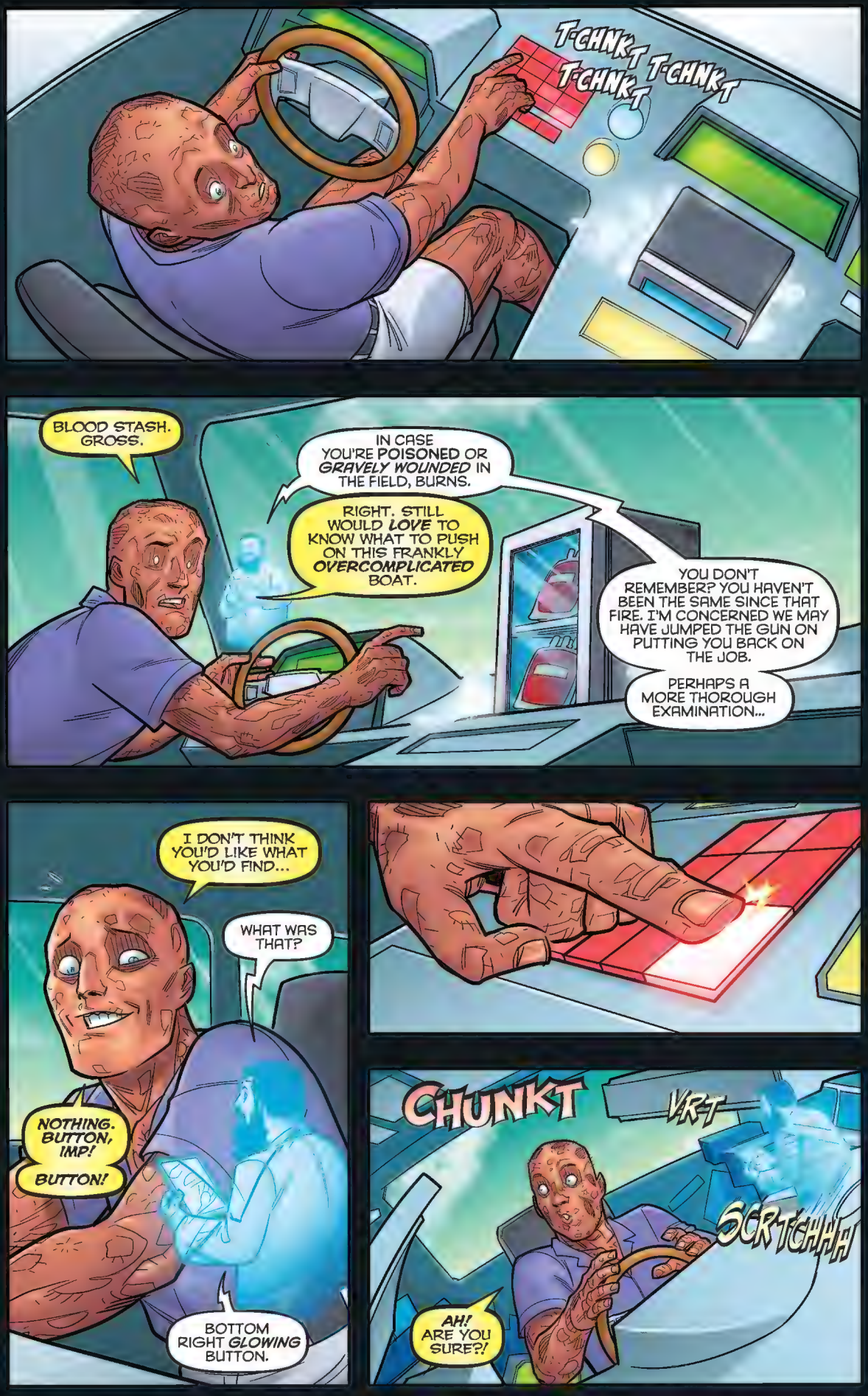
LATER...
EVERYTHING OKAY, JACE?
JUST GETTING OUT OF THIS JETPACK AND INTO SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE FOR COCKTAIL HOUR!
IT'S VERY SIMPLE, WADE. ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY IS:
"I'M NOT JACE BURNS. I WAS HIRED TO KILL HIM, AND WE WERE BOTH TRAPPED IN A FIRE.
"I CAN HEAL VERY QUICKLY, BUT JACE COULD NOT, SO HE IS DEAD NOW.
"BUT BECAUSE I LOOK LIKE A BURN VICTIM ALL THE TIME, JACE'S EMPLOYER, THE RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY OR R.M.A., ASSUMED I WAS HIM. ABIDING BY TIM ALLEN SANTA CLAUSE RULES, I HAVE GONE ALONG WITH THIS SCHEME.
"ANYWAY, KISSING WAS NICE. COULD WE DO IT WITHOUT THE MASK? I KNOW IT LOOKS VERY HANDSOME, BUT THE INSIDE SMELLS AWFUL."
MAYBE LEAVE OUT THE STUFF ABOUT KILLING AND REPLACING JACE, AND JUST KEEP ACTING LIKE I'M JACE ASHAMED OF HIS HIDEOUS FACE THAT WAS RUINED IN A FIRE--
AAAAAAAA--
CHRISTINA?!

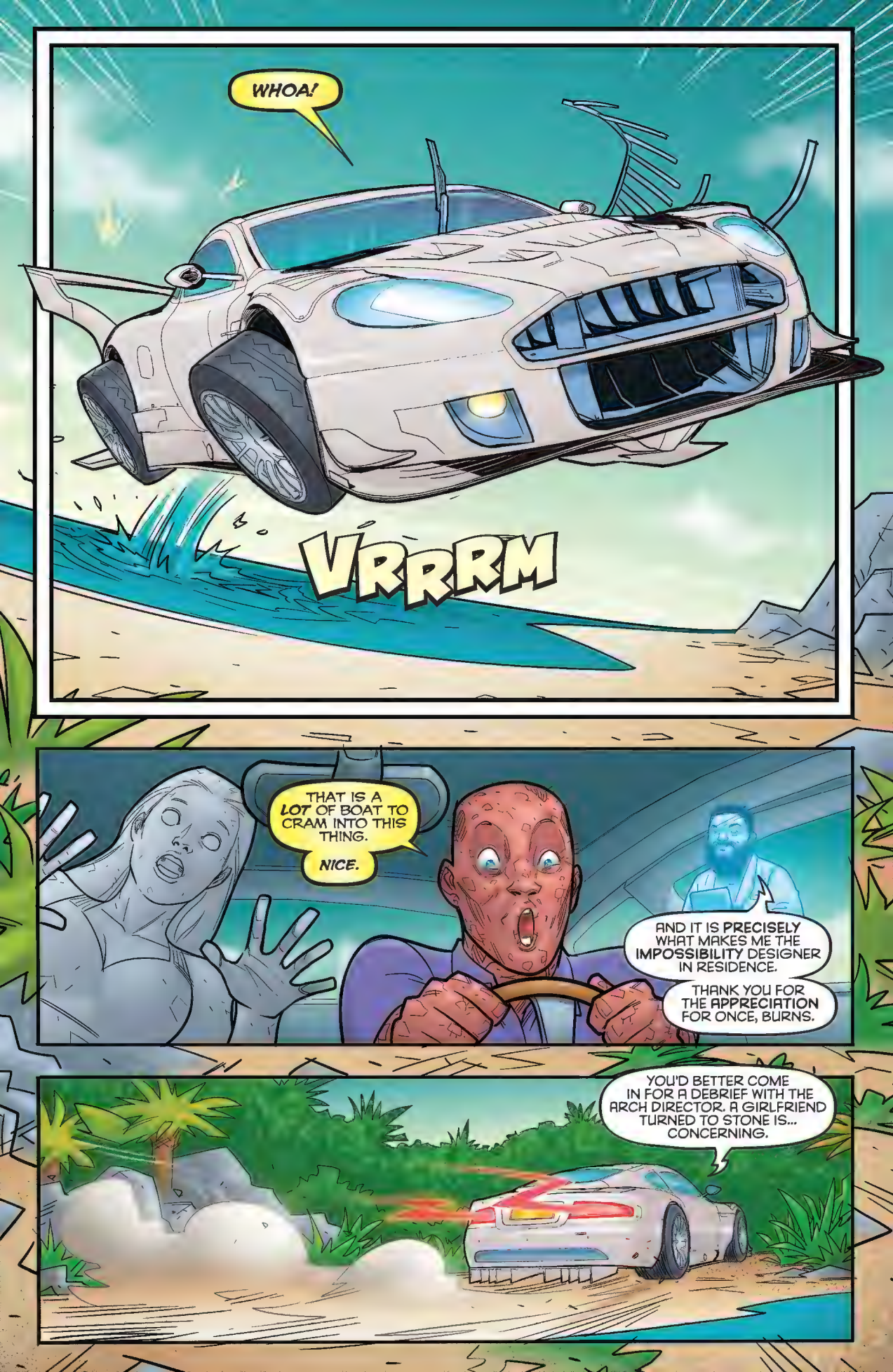


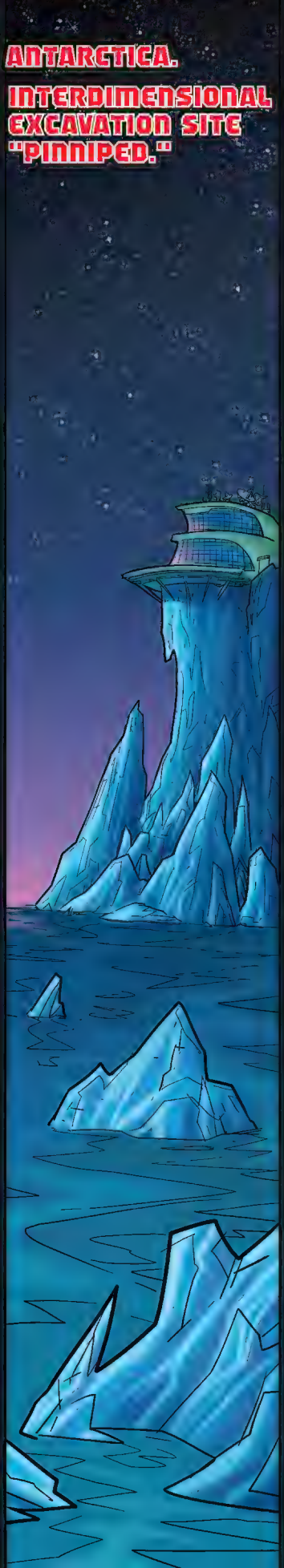
WADE WILSON is DEADPOOL as JACE BURNS in

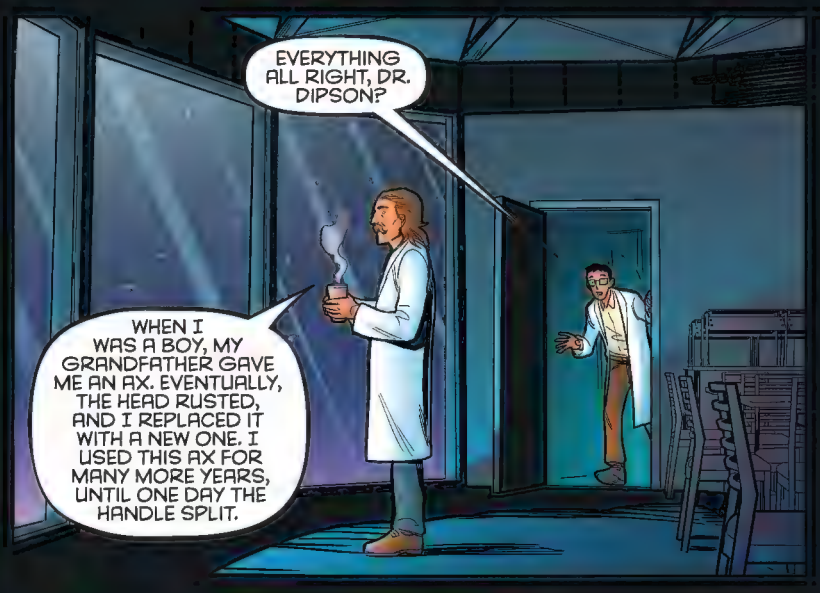
SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

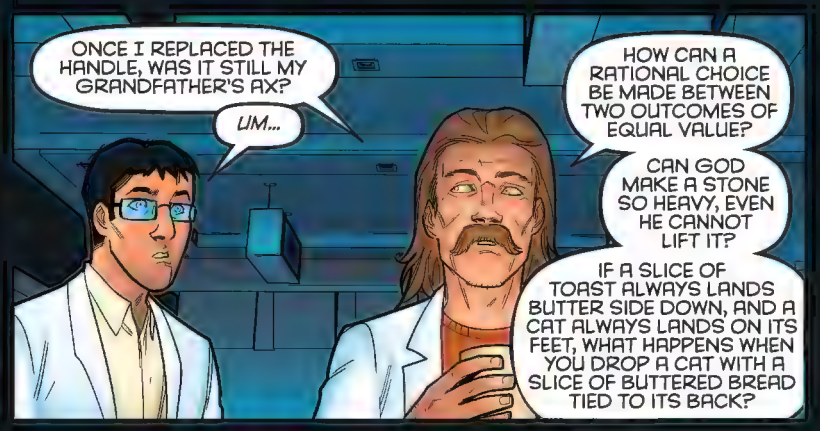

IMP? I COULD USE SOME HELP HERE.
VRMMMMM
R.M.A.'S IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE.
OR "IMP".
HELLO, BURNS. I WAS WONDERING WHEN YOUR USUAL POST-MISSION FROLICKING MIGHT WRAP UP.
I TRUST DEATH'S GATE IS SECURED?
NO. SOMEONE BLEW IT UP AND TURNED MY PLUS ONE INTO A STATUE.
OH DEAR.
ALSO...
...MY BOAT'S ABOUT TO CRASH...
VRMMMMM
...AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT BUTTON WILL MAKE IT NOT CRASH.


T-CHNKT T-CHNKT
T-CHNKT
BLOOD STASH. GROSS.
IN CASE YOU'RE POISONED OR GRAVELY WOUNDED IN THE FIELD, BURNS.
RIGHT. STILL WOULD LOVE TO KNOW WHAT TO PUSH ON THIS FRANKLY OVERCOMPLICATED BOAT.
YOU DON'T REMEMBER? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE THAT FIRE. I'M CONCERNED WE MAY HAVE JUMPED THE GUN ON PUTTING YOU BACK ON THE JOB.
PERHAPS A MORE THOROUGH EXAMINATION...
I DON'T THINK YOU'D LIKE WHAT YOU'D FIND...
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING. BUTTON, IMP!
BUTTON!
BOTTOM RIGHT GLOWING BUTTON.
CHUNKT
VRT
SCRTCHHH
AH! ARE YOU SURE?!


WHOA!
VRRRM
THAT IS A LOT OF BOAT TO CRAM INTO THIS THING.
NICE.
AND IT IS PRECISELY WHAT MAKES ME THE IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE.
THANK YOU FOR THE APPRECIATION FOR ONCE, BURNS.
YOU'D BETTER COME IN FOR A DEBRIEF WITH THE ARCH DIRECTOR. A GIRLFRIEND TURNED TO STONE IS... CONCERNING.

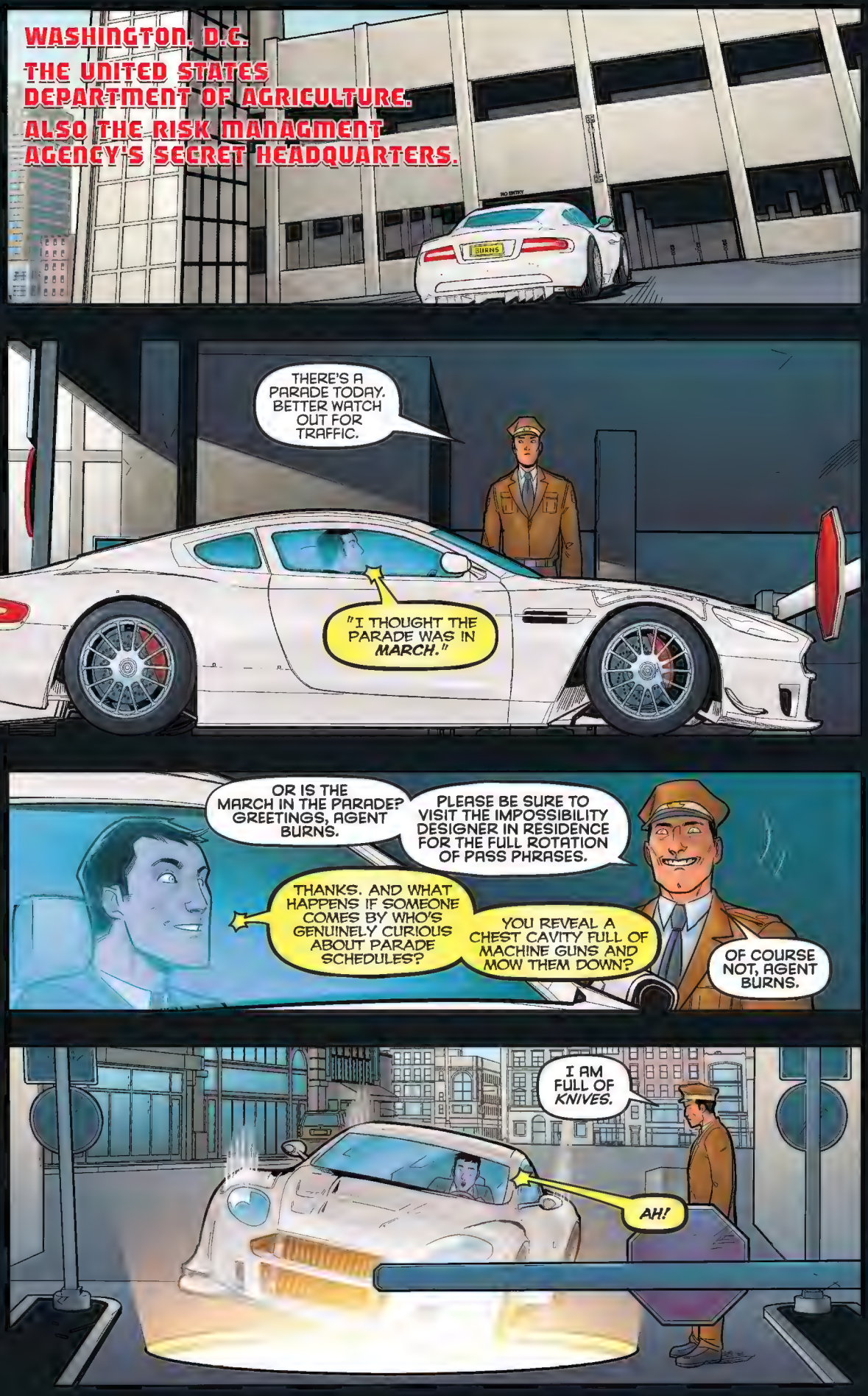

ANTARCTICA.
INTERDIMENSIONAL EXCAVATION SITE "PINNIPED."

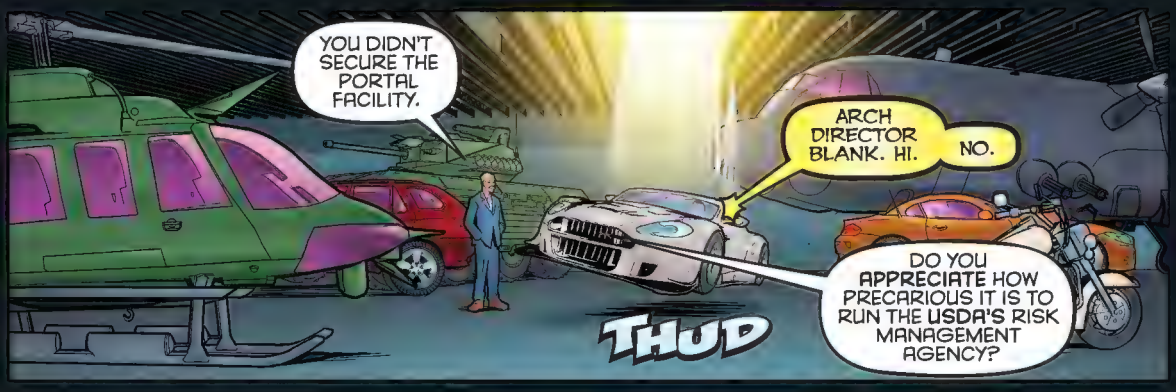

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT, DR. DIPSON?
WHEN I WAS A BOY, MY GRANDFATHER GAVE ME AN AX. EVENTUALLY, THE HEAD RUSTED, AND I REPLACED IT WITH A NEW ONE. I USED THIS AX FOR MANY MORE YEARS, UNTIL ONE DAY THE HANDLE SPLIT.

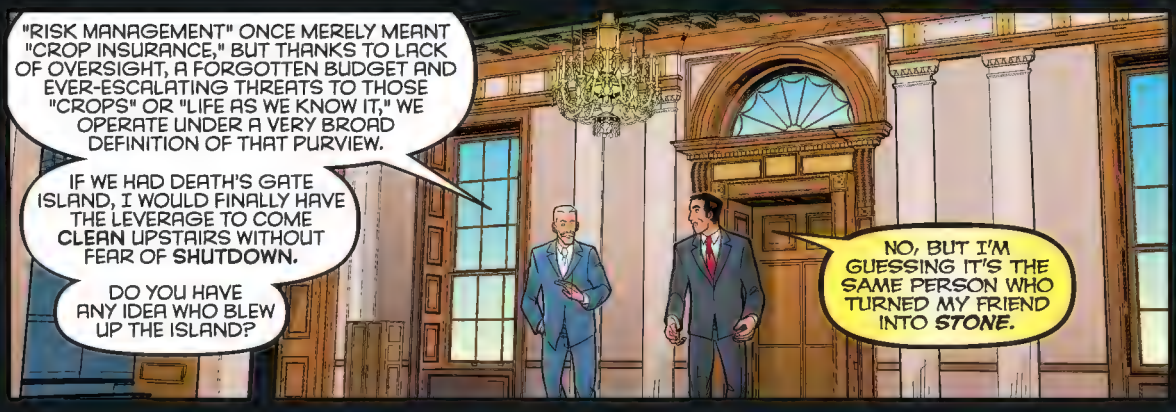

ONCE I REPLACED THE HANDLE, WAS IT STILL MY GRANDFATHER'S AX?
UM...
HOW CAN A RATIONAL CHOICE BE MADE BETWEEN TWO OUTCOMES OF EQUAL VALUE?
CAN GOD MAKE A STONE SO HEAVY, EVEN HE CANNOT LIFT IT?
IF A SLICE OF TOAST ALWAYS LANDS BUTTER SIDE DOWN, AND A CAT ALWAYS LANDS ON ITS FEET, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DROP A CAT WITH A SLICE OF BUTTERED BREAD TIED TO ITS BACK?

CAN YOU ASK A QUESTION WITHOUT AN ANSWER?
WELL--
NO!
OKAY.
WE JUST CAN'T FIND THE ANSWER HERE.
IT MUST EXIST SOMEWHERE.

DR. DIPSON! WE'RE ABOUT TO BREAK THROUGH.
Este


WASHINGTON, D.C.
THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
ALSO THE RISK MANAGMENT AGENCY'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS.
BURNS
THERE'S A PARADE TODAY. BETTER WATCH OUT FOR TRAFFIC.
"I THOUGHT THE PARADE WAS IN *MARCH.*"
OR IS THE MARCH IN THE PARADE? GREETINGS, AGENT BURNS.
PLEASE BE SURE TO VISIT THE IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE FOR THE FULL ROTATION OF PASS PHRASES.
THANKS. AND WHAT HAPPENS IF SOMEONE COMES BY WHO'S GENUINELY CURIOUS ABOUT PARADE SCHEDULES?
YOU REVEAL A CHEST CAVITY FULL OF MACHINE GUNS AND MOW THEM DOWN?
OF COURSE NOT, AGENT BURNS.
I AM FULL OF *KNIVES.*
AH!


YOU DIDN'T SECURE THE PORTAL FACILITY.
ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK. HI.
NO.
DO YOU APPRECIATE HOW PRECARIOUS IT IS TO RUN THE USDA'S RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY?
THUD


"RISK MANAGEMENT" ONCE MERELY MEANT "CROP INSURANCE," BUT THANKS TO LACK OF OVERSIGHT, A FORGOTTEN BUDGET AND EVER-ESCALATING THREATS TO THOSE "CROPS" OR "LIFE AS WE KNOW IT," WE OPERATE UNDER A VERY BROAD DEFINITION OF THAT PURVIEW.
IF WE HAD DEATH'S GATE ISLAND, I WOULD FINALLY HAVE THE LEVERAGE TO COME CLEAN UPSTAIRS WITHOUT FEAR OF SHUTDOWN.
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHO BLEW UP THE ISLAND?
NO, BUT I'M GUESSING IT'S THE SAME PERSON WHO TURNED MY FRIEND INTO STONE.

STONE?
YEAH?
POLYAK, THEN THIS? IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE.
POLYAK. STATUEFACE?
YES.

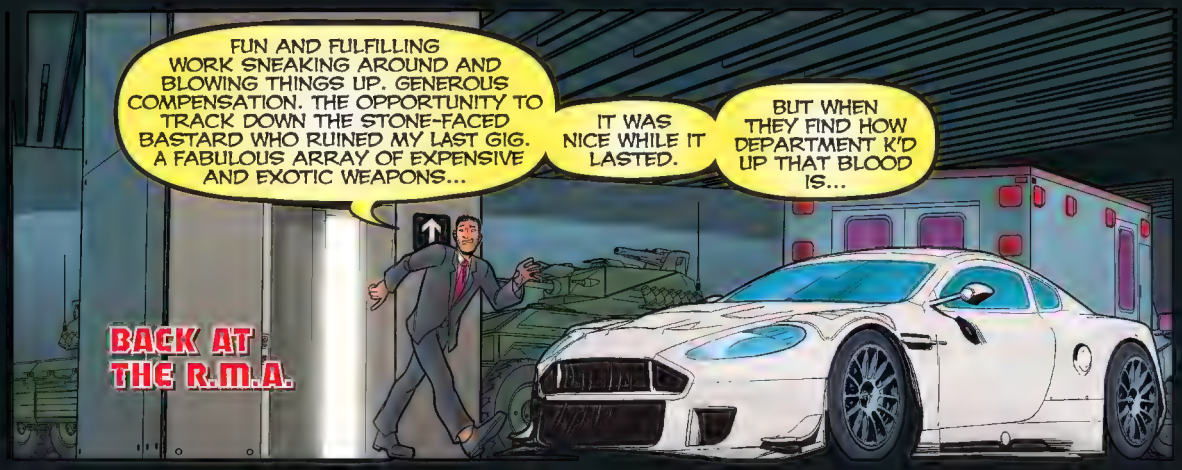
I NEED TO MAKE SOME CALLS. FULL DEBRIEF LATER.
DAMMIT.
WHAT'S WITH HIM?
TURNING THAT WOMAN INTO STONE WAS A MESSAGE FROM SOMEONE HE'S VERY AFRAID OF.

A MESSAGE? CHRISTINA DIDN'T DESERVE THAT.
SINCE WHEN DO YOU CARE ABOUT ANYONE CAUGHT IN YOUR WAKE?
SHE HELPED ME WITH THAT NUTTY OLD GENERAL. SHE WAS DECENT.

YOU HAVE CHANGED.
OH YEAH, THE FIRE. SORRY, I--
I LIKE IT.

TALK TO YOU LATER, BURNS.
AND I DON'T THINK YOU NEED TO WEAR THE MASK.
NOT WHEN YOU'RE HERE.
HM.
GOTCHA!
WHAT THE STAB?!
SORRY FOR THE SURPRISE WITHDRAWAL, BURNS.
YOU CAN'T KEEP DODGING THE LAB WORK! THIS IS STANDARD PROCEDURE AND YOUR CONSTANT DODGING IS WORRYING.
WHAT?! NO! I DIDN'T-- I JUST--
RUN A FULL PANEL ON BURNS' BLOOD.
AFTER LUNCH BREAK IS OVER, OF COURSE.
YOU GOT IT. I'LL PUT IT IN THE LAB AND GET TO IT FIRST THING AFTER.
IT'S NOT JUST YOUR MEMORY HOLES, BURNS. WE NEED TO SEE HOW YOU HEALED FROM THAT ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT SO QUICKLY. GET ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE DNA.
OH, GOOD.
WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. YOU COULD HAVE A META-HUMAN INFECTION. GOD FORBID, WHAT IF YOU WERE AN IMPERSONATOR, A SKRULL OR SOMETHING ELSE?
HA HA, WOULD IT BE THE WORST THING?
YES. YES, OF COURSE IT WOULD BE.
WE'D BURY THAT SKRULL SO DEEP, IT WOULDN'T BE FOUND UNTIL IT HAD TURNED INTO FOSSIL FUEL.
AAAAH...

"WE'VE LONG ACCEPTED THE EXISTENCE OF A MULTIVERSE. THERE ARE COUNTLESS UNIVERSES THAT REPEAT THE BROAD STROKES OF THIS ONE, WITH COUNTLESS DIFFERENCES SMALL AND LARGE BETWEEN THEM.
INTERDIMENSIONAL EXCAVATION SITE. "PINNIPED."
"THESE PLANES ARE ALL VERY LOGICAL. YOU CAN BREATHE THE AIR ON EARTH NUMBER WHATEVER. YOU CAN EAT ITS APPLES. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE IS THAT EARTH'S VERSION OF YOU MARRIES SOMEONE DIFFERENT THAN YOU DID. WHO CARES."
THERE ARE FAR MORE INTERESTING DIMENSIONS ALL AROUND US. DIMENSIONS THAT HAVE RULES THAT COULD BREAK OUR BRAINS.
AND HERE WE FOUND ONE, SEPARATED BY JUST A THIN MEMBRANE TO BRUSH AWAY. AND ON THE OTHER SIDE, THERE IS SOMETHING...
...VERY, VERY...
... BIG.
THIS IS JUST THE TIP OF IT.
WE CAN'T PULL IT TOO HARD. IF THE BARRIER TEARS--
BAM
BAM
BAM
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM


FUN AND FULFILLING WORK SNEAKING AROUND AND BLOWING THINGS UP. GENEROUS COMPENSATION. THE OPPORTUNITY TO TRACK DOWN THE STONE-FACED BASTARD WHO RUINED MY LAST GIG. A FABULOUS ARRAY OF EXPENSIVE AND EXOTIC WEAPONS...
IT WAS NICE WHILE IT LASTED.
BUT WHEN THEY FIND HOW DEPARTMENT K'D UP THAT BLOOD IS...
BACK AT THE R.M.A.

NO NEED TO STICK AROUND AND SEE.
AT LEAST I CAN KEEP THE CAR.

STARTER, STARTER...

T-CHK T-CHK T
T-CHK T

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I LIKE BEING JACE BURNS VERY MUCH AND I WOULD LIKE TO KEEP DOING IT.
LUNCH BREAK'S AN HOUR. PLENTY OF TIME TO SWITCH--
I HEARD THEY'RE OPENING A NEW BODEGA IN TOWN.
IT'S ME, JACE BURNS. I ALREADY DID THE CODE. ALSO, I HAVEN'T HEARD THIS ONE YET--
YOU EXITED THE GARAGE.
ARE YOU KIDDING?
I HEARD THEY'RE OPENING A NEW BODEGA IN TOWN.
OH, UH--"I HOPE THEY DON'T GET A CAT THAT PEES ALL OVER THE PLACE"?
...
SOMETIMES WHEN A BODEGA HAS A CAT THE CAT PEES IN THERE AND IT SMELLS BAD.
INTRUDER ALERT!
INTRUDER ALERT!
AAH!

IMP HERE. BURNS, IS THAT YOU IN THE GARAGE? WE'VE JUST GOTTEN AN INTRUDER ALERT.
NO! NO INTRUDERS! JUST ME AND SOME ROBOTS THAT ARE ON THE FRITZ!
SAY, I NEVER GOT THE NEW PASS PHRASES FROM YOU! DO YOU KNOW ONE ABOUT A BODEGA?
OH, IT WOULDN'T WORK NOW ANYWAY. I'LL COME DOWN TO RESET THEM.
THAT'S OKAY, NO NEED!
ARE YOU SURE? I WORRY IF THOSE GUARDS ARE ACTING UP, THEY MIGHT CAUSE AN INJURY TO SOMEONE.
AN INJURY? NO, THEY'RE JUST FALLING APART, THAT'S ALL!

NO NEED TO LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER IT.
JACE, DID YOU JUST REMOVE ONE OF THE ROBOT'S HEADS? I KNOW THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY WHEN YOU REMOVE SOMEONE'S HEAD.
AAAAAAARRGHHH!
MAYBE?
THEY'RE ATTACKING YOU! I KNEW IT! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO BE SO STUBBORN? STANDBY! I'LL BE DOWN MOMENTARILY.
I PROMISE YOU, THEY ARE VERY MUCH NOT ATTACKING ME. EVERYTHING IS FINE HERE.
HM. I'M NOT READING ANY ACTIVITY ON THEM NOW. I'LL TURN OFF THE ALARM.
THANK YOU--

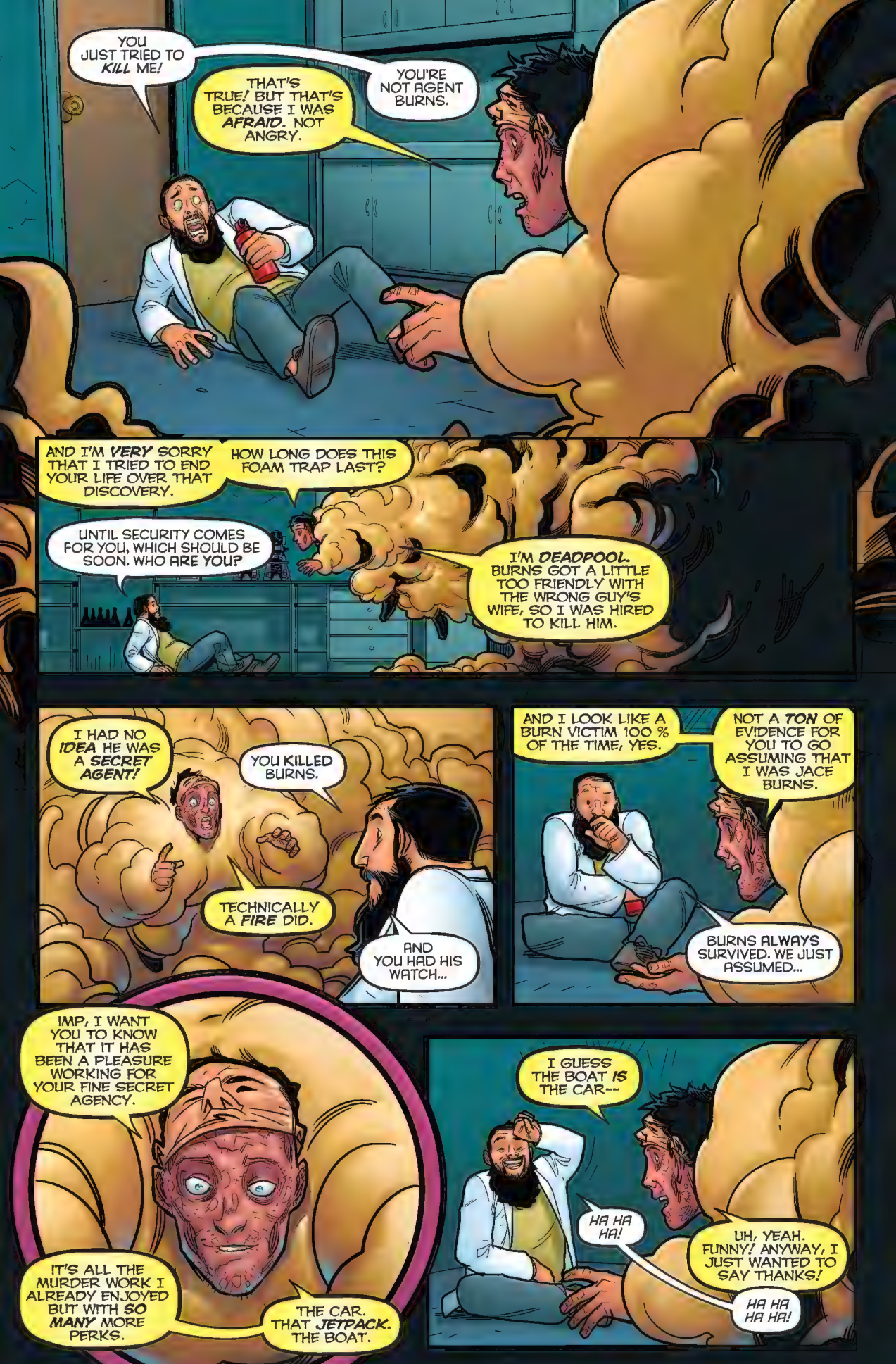
UH-OH.
"UH-OH"? WHAT "UH-OH"?
BURNS, I'M SENDING SOMEONE DOWN THERE. I HAVE A **VERY** SNEAKING SUSPICION YOU JUST DESTROYED SOME VALUABLE PROPERTY, AND I **WILL** MAKE SURE THE REPAIR FEES ARE DOCKED FROM YOUR NEXT PAY STUB!
AH... AH...

POLYAK...
...WHAT IS THE SITUATION AT THE EXCAVATION SITE?
IT'S A MESS. DIPSON FOUND PROTOLITH. HE GOT A GRIP ON A TINY PIECE OF IT.
WE MADE HIM PANIC. HE STARTED TO PULL MORE OF IT OUT OF PARADOX SPACE, IT TORE OPEN A HOLE AND FROM WHAT I CAN TELL...
...HUMAN BRAINS AREN'T BUILT TO COMPREHEND WHATEVER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE.
I THINK HE AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO DIDN'T LOOK.
THEN PROTOLITH IS REAL.
IT'S REAL, DIPSON HAS IT AND HE'S GONE.
"BUT WHERE CAN HE GO? THIS IS ANTARCTICA."

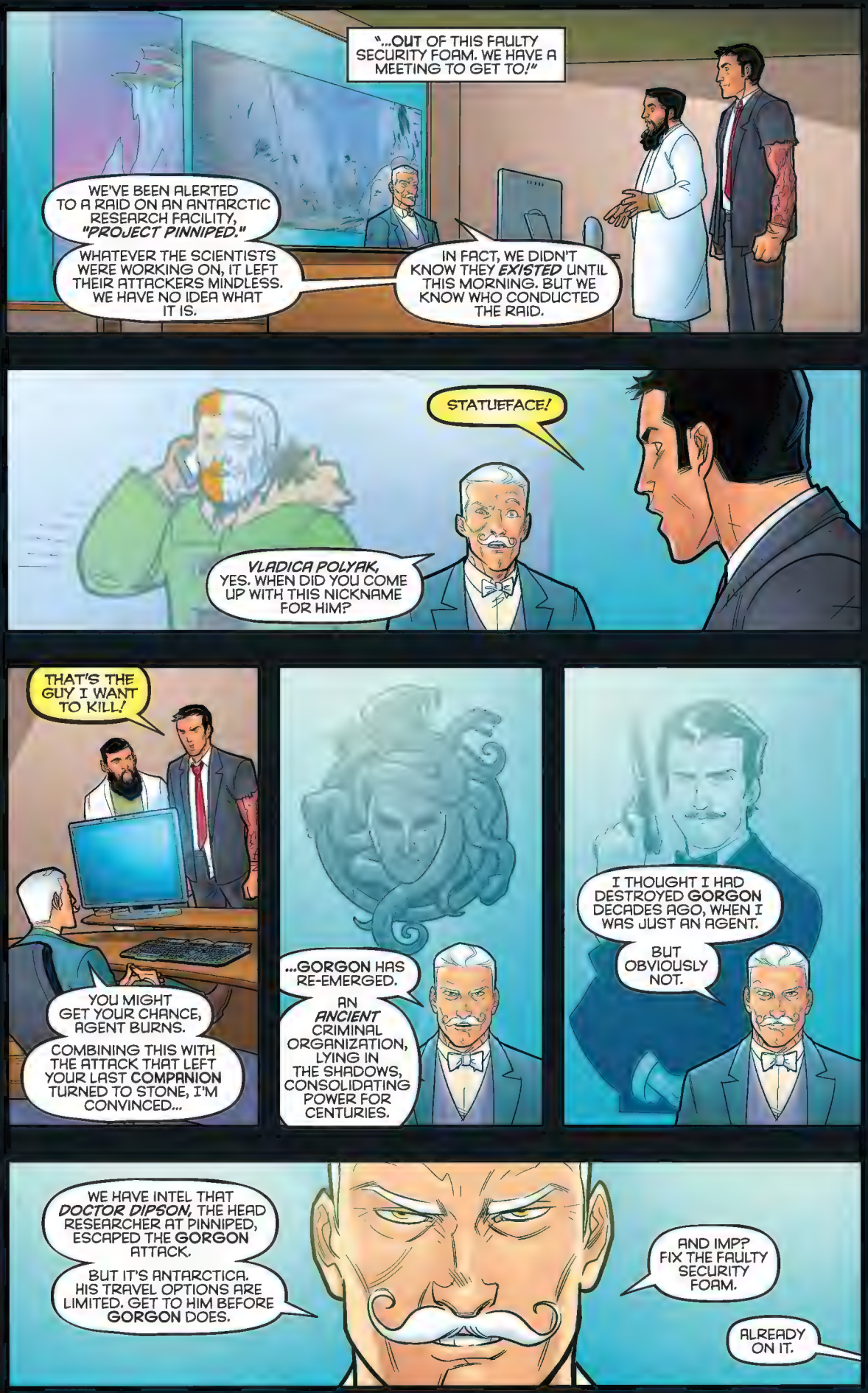
SLAM
BLOOD.
BLOOD!
BYE, OLD BLOOD.
HI, NEW BLOOD.
AAAND...
DISCOVERY AVERTED.

NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. SILLY ROBOTS, STEALING OUR MOVES--
DID YOU JUST REATTACH YOUR ARM?!
W-WHO ARE YOU?!

I'M NOT MAD AT YOU. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT.


YOU JUST TRIED TO KILL ME!
THAT'S TRUE! BUT THAT'S BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID. NOT ANGRY.
YOU'RE NOT AGENT BURNS.
AND I'M VERY SORRY THAT I TRIED TO END YOUR LIFE OVER THAT DISCOVERY.
HOW LONG DOES THIS FOAM TRAP LAST?
UNTIL SECURITY COMES FOR YOU, WHICH SHOULD BE SOON. WHO ARE YOU?
I'M DEADPOOL. BURNS GOT A LITTLE TOO FRIENDLY WITH THE WRONG GUY'S WIFE, SO I WAS HIRED TO KILL HIM.
I HAD NO IDEA HE WAS A SECRET AGENT!
YOU KILLED BURNS.
TECHNICALLY A FIRE DID.
AND YOU HAD HIS WATCH...
AND I LOOK LIKE A BURN VICTIM 100 % OF THE TIME, YES.
NOT A TON OF EVIDENCE FOR YOU TO GO ASSUMING THAT I WAS JACE BURNS.
BURNS ALWAYS SURVIVED. WE JUST ASSUMED...
IMP, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE WORKING FOR YOUR FINE SECRET AGENCY.
IT'S ALL THE MURDER WORK I ALREADY ENJOYED BUT WITH SO MANY MORE PERKS.
THE CAR. THAT JETPACK. THE BOAT.
I GUESS THE BOAT IS THE CAR--
HA HA HA!
UH, YEAH. FUNNY! ANYWAY, I JUST WANTED TO SAY THANKS!
HA HA HA HA!

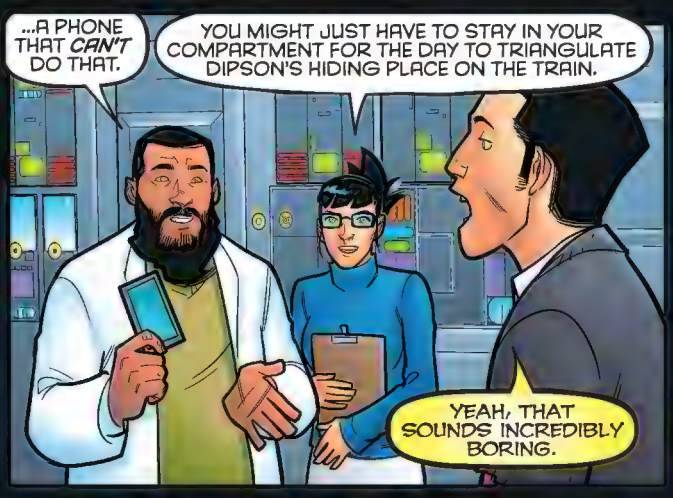
REMEMBER THAT AS I BRUTALLY DESTROY ANY SECURITY FORCES THAT ATTEMPT TO STOP ME FROM FLEEING NOW--
HA HA HA HA...
WHAT'S SO *FUNNY*?
BURNS NEVER ONCE THANKED ME FOR ANYTHING I MADE HIM.
AGENT BURNS! IMPOSSIBILITY DESIGNER IN RESIDENCE!
IS EVERYTHING OKAY, SIRS?
SIRS?
YOU'RE FINALLY HERE! *TAKE* THIS MAN...


"...OUT OF THIS FAULTY SECURITY FOAM. WE HAVE A MEETING TO GET TO!"
WE'VE BEEN ALERTED TO A RAID ON AN ANTARCTIC RESEARCH FACILITY, "PROJECT PINNIPED."
WHATEVER THE SCIENTISTS WERE WORKING ON, IT LEFT THEIR ATTACKERS MINDLESS. WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT IS.
IN FACT, WE DIDN'T KNOW THEY EXISTED UNTIL THIS MORNING. BUT WE KNOW WHO CONDUCTED THE RAID.
STATUEFACE!
VLADICA POLYAK, YES. WHEN DID YOU COME UP WITH THIS NICKNAME FOR HIM?
THAT'S THE GUY I WANT TO KILL!
YOU MIGHT GET YOUR CHANCE, AGENT BURNS.
COMBINING THIS WITH THE ATTACK THAT LEFT YOUR LAST COMPANION TURNED TO STONE, I'M CONVINCED...
...GORGON HAS RE-EMERGED.
AN ANCIENT CRIMINAL ORGANIZATION, LYING IN THE SHADOWS, CONSOLIDATING POWER FOR CENTURIES.
I THOUGHT I HAD DESTROYED GORGON DECADES AGO, WHEN I WAS JUST AN AGENT.
BUT OBVIOUSLY NOT.
WE HAVE INTEL THAT DOCTOR DIPSON, THE HEAD RESEARCHER AT PINNIPED, ESCAPED THE GORGON ATTACK.
BUT IT'S ANTARCTICA. HIS TRAVEL OPTIONS ARE LIMITED. GET TO HIM BEFORE GORGON DOES.
AND IMP? FIX THE FAULTY SECURITY FOAM.
ALREADY ON IT.

SO YOU'RE... NOT GOING TO...?
LISTEN CAREFULLY, "BURNS."
BEFORE "YOU" WERE INJURED IN THAT FIRE, I DIDN'T LIKE "YOU."
YOU WERE A SELF-CENTERED, UNAPPRECIATIVE, ARROGANT *NARCISSIST.*
OH. OKAY.
BUT YOU GOT THE JOB DONE.
AND SO LONG AS YOU CONTINUE TO GET THE JOB DONE...
I SEE NO REASON TO PUNISH ANY RECENT **SELF-IMPROVEMENT.**
NO ONE HAS...
...*EVER* COMPARED ME *POSITIVELY* TO ANOTHER PERSON BEFORE.
OH NO? BESIDES BEING *NICER* THAN BURNS, *YOU* HAVE A *REAL* SENSE OF HUMOR, NOT JUST HIS *PUNS.*
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES HE'S *DISEMBOWLED* A VILLAIN ONLY TO SAY SOMETHING LIKE...
..."AT LEAST HE HAD *GUTS.*" UGH.
I WOULD ALSO SAY THAT.
JUST DON'T SAY IT NEAR ME.
LET'S GET YOU *OUTFITTED.*

HELLO, BURNS! CARE TO LEARN SOME MISSION DETAILS?
HELLO, MS. SHORTBREAD! AS FEW AS POSSIBLE, PLEASE. MY ATTENTION SPAN WAS ALREADY MURDERED BY A SLIDESHOW ONLY MOMENTS AGO.
WE THINK DIPSON'S GOING TO BE HIDING ON THE ONLY TRAIN OUT OF THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, SO YOU'RE GOING TO BE ON THAT TRAIN TOO.
TOOT TOOT. GOT IT.
ONCE YOU'VE FOUND DIPSON, YOU'LL REMOVE HIM FROM THE TRAIN AND BRING HIM TO OUR AIRLIFT. THIS IS YOUR ESCAPE VEHICLE. STAND BACK.
LOOKS LIKE ANY GENERIC MEDICATION, BUT GIVE IT A SQUEEZE, AND--
WHUFF!
TOP RIGHT. DON'T EAT IT.
NEXT GADGET!
A WRISTWATCH THAT SHOOTS FULL-SIZE MISSILES. A CAR THAT HIDES A YACHT. NOW THIS THING? I'M SENSING A THEME.
PYM COULDN'T DO ANY OF THIS THE WAY I DO!
THE THEME IS HE STOLE A BUNCH OF TECHNOLOGY FROM HANK PYM IN THE NINETIES, AND HE'S BEEN IN HIDING WITH US EVER SINCE.

DIPSON WILL LIKELY ATTEMPT TO REMAIN HIDDEN ON THE TRAIN. FIND HIM WITH *THIS.*
IT CAN HACK ANY BLUETOOTH-ENABLED PHONE AND LET YOU DO PRETTY MUCH ANYTHING TO IT.
IT'S DISGUISED AS, UH...

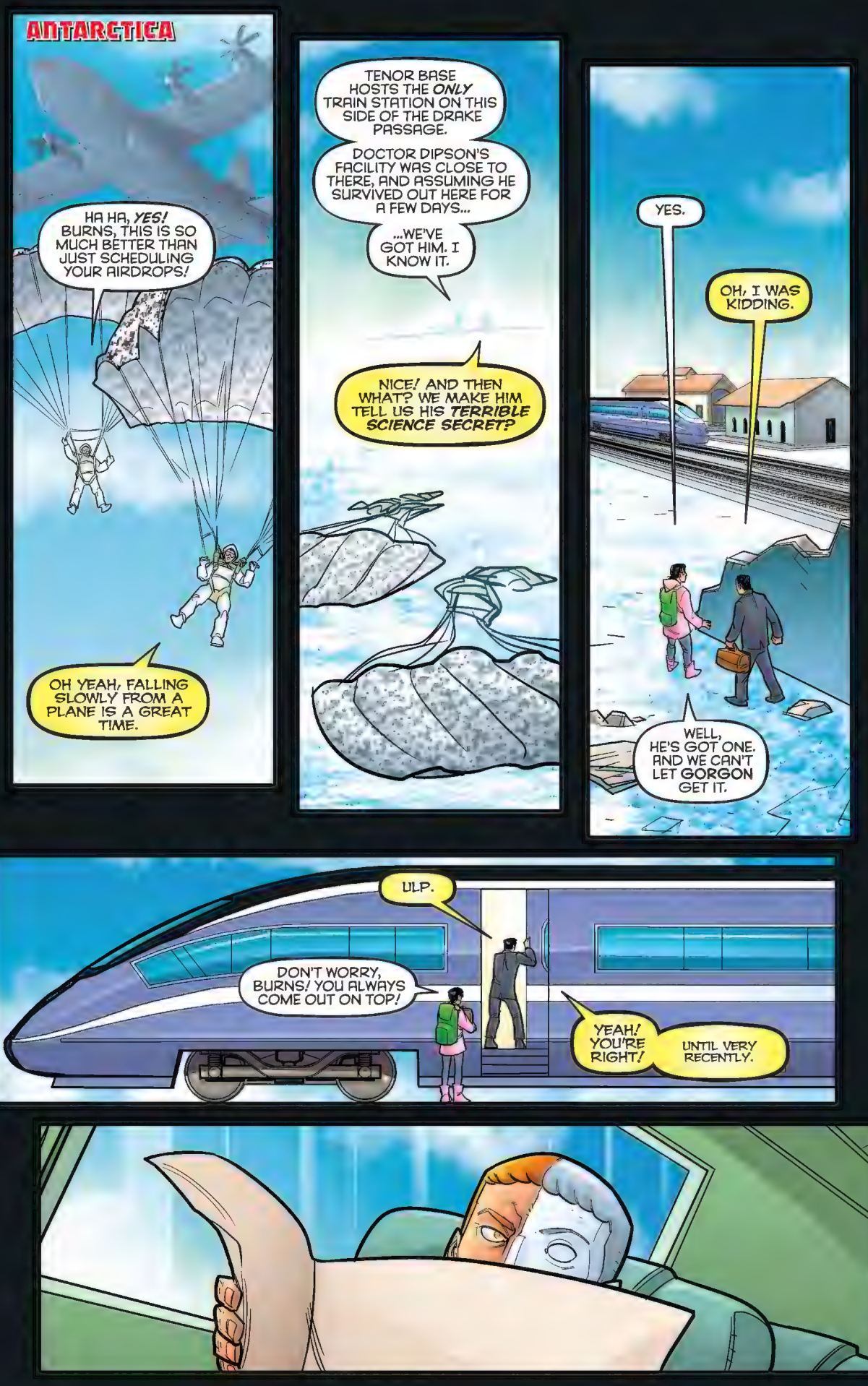

...A PHONE THAT *CAN'T* DO THAT.
YOU MIGHT JUST HAVE TO STAY IN YOUR COMPARTMENT FOR THE DAY TO TRIANGULATE DIPSON'S HIDING PLACE ON THE TRAIN.
YEAH, THAT SOUNDS INCREDIBLY BORING.

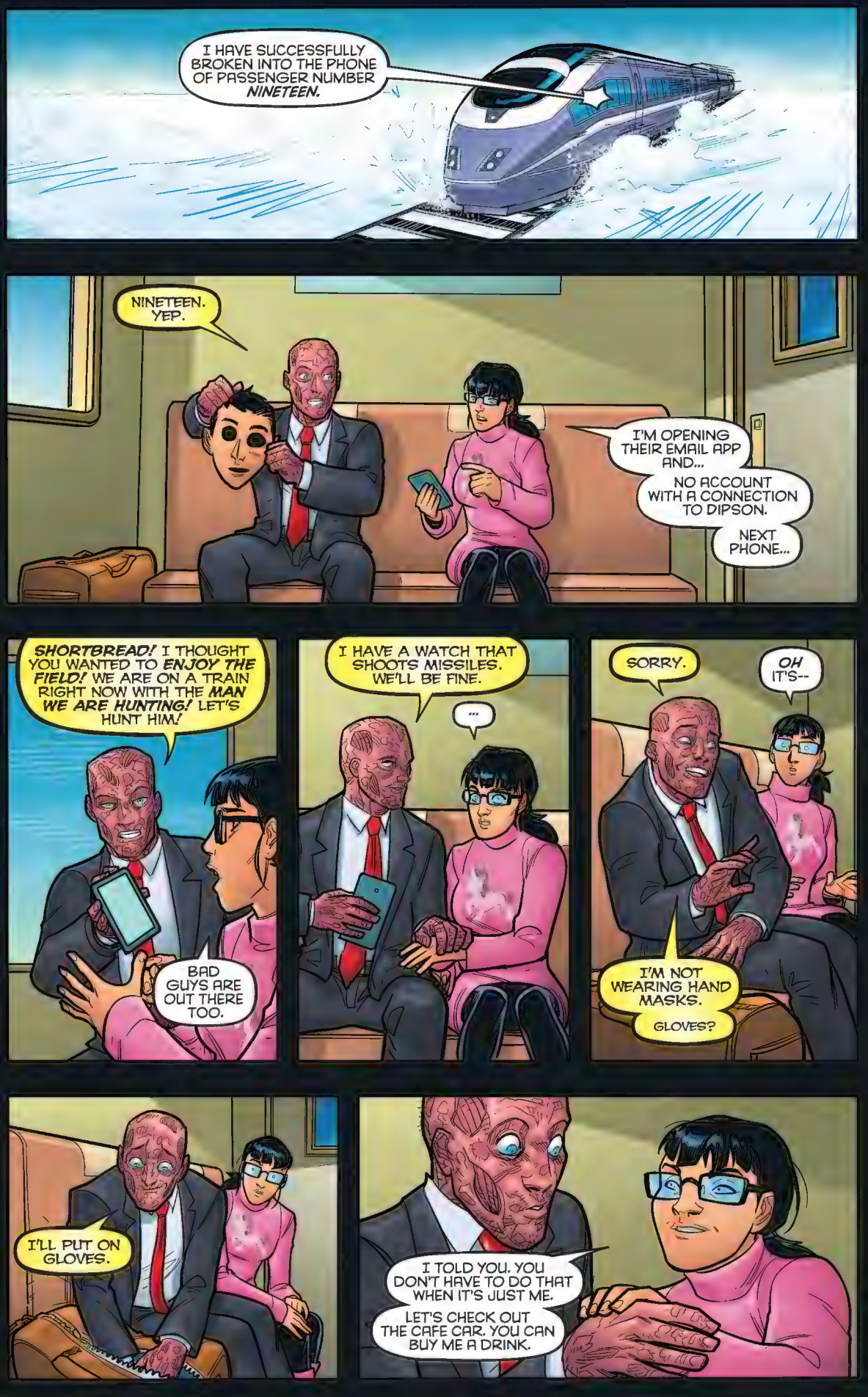
AND OF COURSE IF YOU RUN INTO *GORGON* AGENTS, YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING IN YOUR WATCH.
SMOOCH!
MMMHMM.

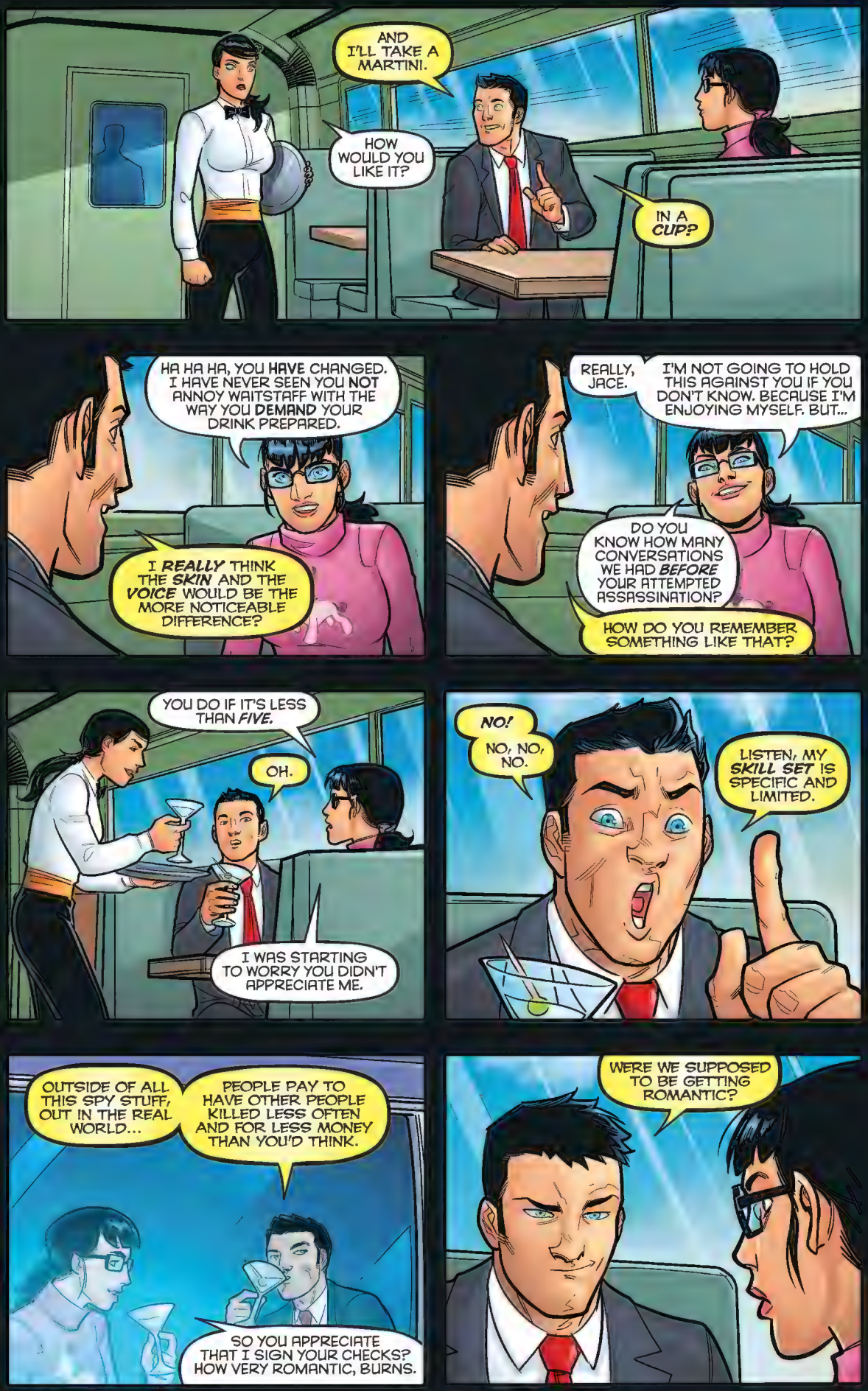
NOT IF. *WHEN.* YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO PLAY THIS ONE VERY CAREFULLY.
UH-HUH.
WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME?

BECAUSE I'M NOT A FIELD AGENT! I'M YOUR COORDINATOR.
AND I JUST WANT TO BLOW UP THE TRAIN AND HOPE OUR TARGET IS AMONG THE LIVING.
CLEARLY YOU HAVE A BETTER GRIP ON THIS MISSION THAN I DO.
I...

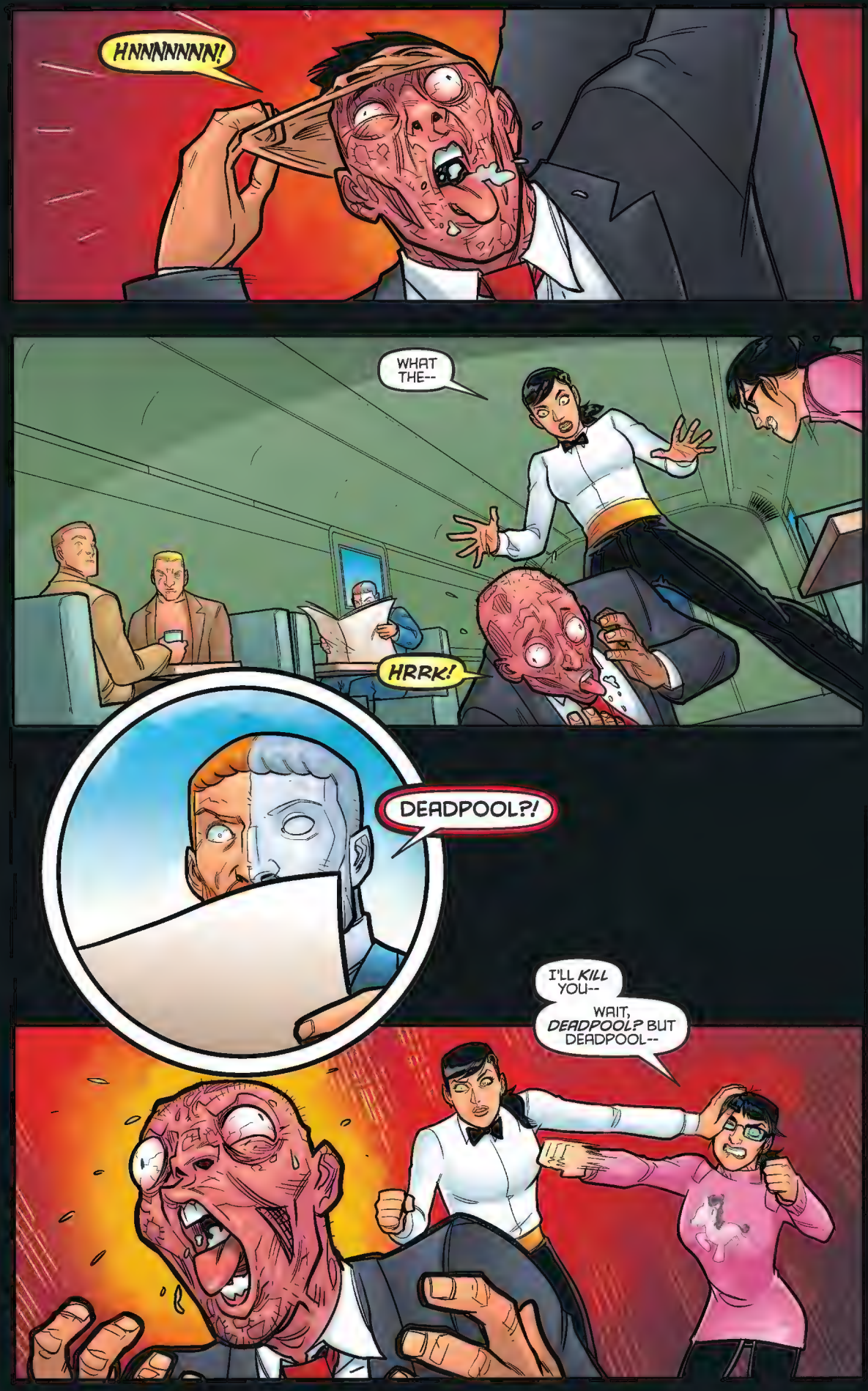
I *ALWAYS* HAVE A BETTER GRIP ON YOUR MISSION THAN YOU DO.
PROVE IT.

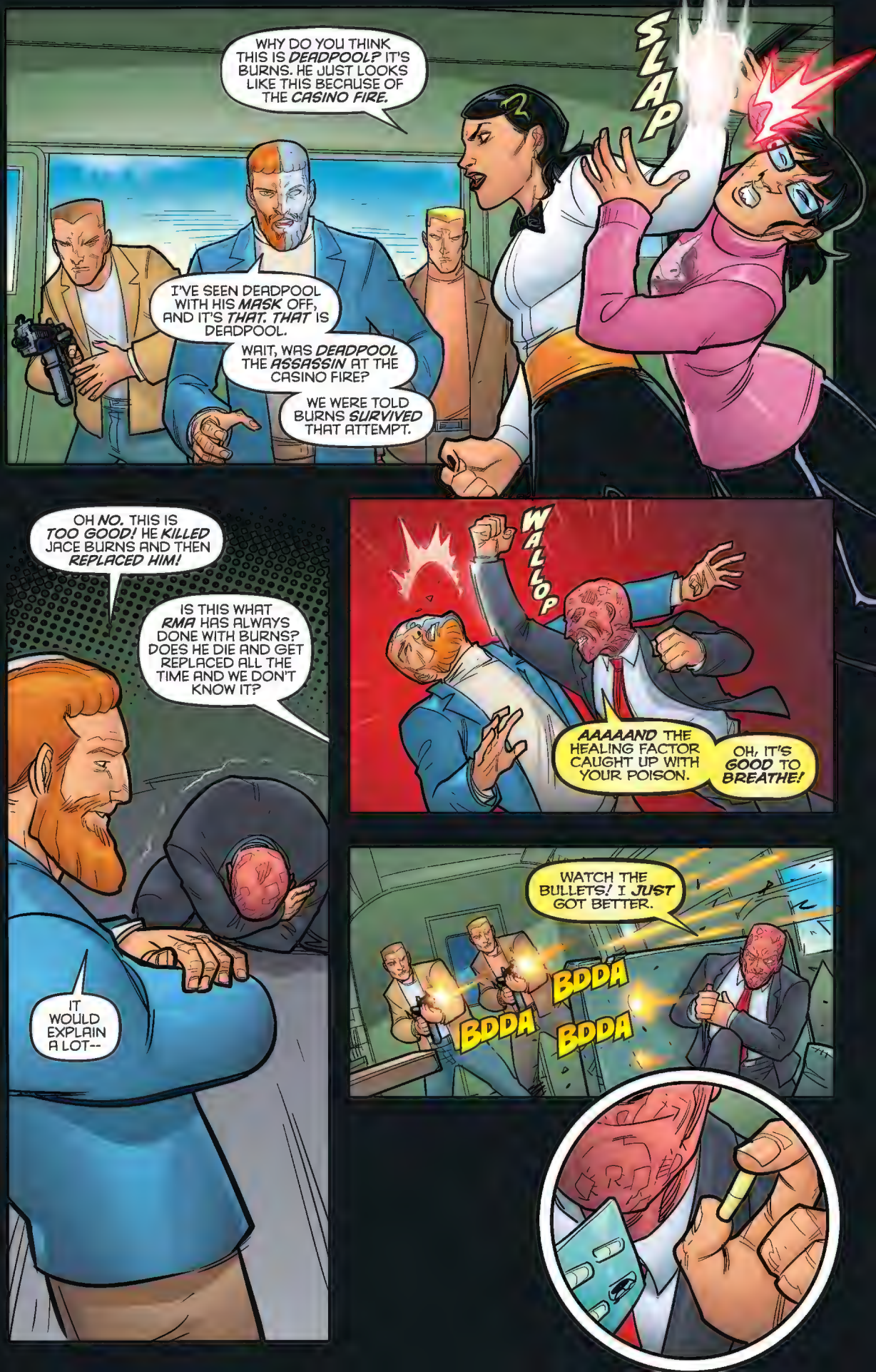

ANTARCTICA
HA HA, YES! BURNS, THIS IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN JUST SCHEDULING YOUR AIRDROPS!
OH YEAH, FALLING SLOWLY FROM A PLANE IS A GREAT TIME.
TENOR BASE HOSTS THE ONLY TRAIN STATION ON THIS SIDE OF THE DRAKE PASSAGE.
DOCTOR DIPSON'S FACILITY WAS CLOSE TO THERE, AND ASSUMING HE SURVIVED OUT HERE FOR A FEW DAYS...
...WE'VE GOT HIM. I KNOW IT.
NICE! AND THEN WHAT? WE MAKE HIM TELL US HIS TERRIBLE SCIENCE SECRET?
YES.
OH, I WAS KIDDING.
WELL, HE'S GOT ONE. AND WE CAN'T LET GORGON GET IT.
ULP.
DON'T WORRY, BURNS! YOU ALWAYS COME OUT ON TOP!
YEAH! YOU'RE RIGHT!
UNTIL VERY RECENTLY.


I HAVE SUCCESSFULLY BROKEN INTO THE PHONE OF PASSENGER NUMBER *NINETEEN.*
NINETEEN. YEP.
I'M OPENING THEIR EMAIL APP AND...
NO ACCOUNT WITH A CONNECTION TO DIPSON.
NEXT PHONE...
SHORTBREAD! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO ***ENJOY THE FIELD!*** WE ARE ON A TRAIN RIGHT NOW WITH THE ***MAN WE ARE HUNTING!*** LET'S HUNT HIM!
BAD GUYS ARE OUT THERE TOO.
I HAVE A WATCH THAT SHOOTS MISSILES. WE'LL BE FINE.
...
SORRY.
OH IT'S--
I'M NOT WEARING HAND MASKS.
GLOVES?
I'LL PUT ON GLOVES.
I TOLD YOU. YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT WHEN IT'S JUST ME.
LET'S CHECK OUT THE CAFE CAR. YOU CAN BUY ME A DRINK.


AND I'LL TAKE A MARTINI.
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT?
IN A *CUP?*
HA HA HA, YOU **HAVE** CHANGED. I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU **NOT** ANNOY WAITSTAFF WITH THE WAY YOU **DEMAND** YOUR DRINK PREPARED.
I ***REALLY*** THINK THE ***SKIN*** AND THE ***VOICE*** WOULD BE THE MORE NOTICEABLE DIFFERENCE?
REALLY, JACE.
I'M NOT GOING TO HOLD THIS AGAINST YOU IF YOU DON'T KNOW. BECAUSE I'M ENJOYING MYSELF. BUT...
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY CONVERSATIONS WE HAD ***BEFORE*** YOUR ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION?
HOW DO YOU REMEMBER SOMETHING LIKE THAT?
YOU DO IF IT'S LESS THAN ***FIVE.***
OH.
I WAS STARTING TO WORRY YOU DIDN'T APPRECIATE ME.
NO!
NO, NO, NO.
LISTEN, MY ***SKILL SET*** IS SPECIFIC AND LIMITED.
OUTSIDE OF ALL THIS SPY STUFF, OUT IN THE REAL WORLD...
PEOPLE PAY TO HAVE OTHER PEOPLE KILLED LESS OFTEN AND FOR LESS MONEY THAN YOU'D THINK.
SO YOU APPRECIATE THAT I SIGN YOUR CHECKS? HOW VERY ROMANTIC, BURNS.
WERE WE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING ROMANTIC?

OF COURSE NOT. THIS IS A WORK TRIP. ON THE OTHER HAND, I KNOW HOW YOU LIKE TO HANDLE WORK--
SH--
BURNS, WHAT'S WRONG?!
HE'S CHOKING!
YES, I POISONED HIS DRINK.
WH--
HNK!
MR. BURNS, CONSIDER THIS PAYBACK FOR THAT MONEY YOU TOOK FROM ME AT THE POKER TABLE.
OR DO YOU NOT REMEMBER ME? I'M NOT SURPRISED.
I WAS SURE OUR LITTLE GAME WAS JUST PART OF YOUR INVESTIGATION INTO GORGON, BUT YOU GOT DISTRACTED AND LEFT SO QUICKLY.


HNNNNNN!
WHAT THE--
HRRK!
DEADPOOL?!
I'LL KILL YOU--
WAIT, DEADPOOL? BUT DEADPOOL--


WHY DO YOU THINK THIS IS *DEADPOOL?* IT'S BURNS. HE JUST LOOKS LIKE THIS BECAUSE OF THE *CASINO FIRE.*
SLAP
I'VE SEEN DEADPOOL WITH HIS *MASK* OFF, AND IT'S *THAT. THAT* IS DEADPOOL.
WAIT, WAS *DEADPOOL* THE *ASSASSIN* AT THE CASINO FIRE?
WE WERE TOLD BURNS *SURVIVED* THAT ATTEMPT.
OH *NO.* THIS IS *TOO GOOD!* HE *KILLED* JACE BURNS AND THEN *REPLACED HIM!*
IS THIS WHAT *RMA* HAS ALWAYS DONE WITH BURNS? DOES HE DIE AND GET REPLACED ALL THE TIME AND WE DON'T KNOW IT?
IT WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT--
WALLOP
AAAAAND THE HEALING FACTOR CAUGHT UP WITH YOUR POISON.
OH, IT'S *GOOD* TO *BREATHE!*
WATCH THE BULLETS! I *JUST* GOT BETTER.
BDDA
BDDA
BDDA

BDDA BDDA BDDA
MMPH
SHHHH... YOU'RE GONNA HATE THIS.
SHORTBREAD! YOU IN HERE?
STAY HIDDEN IF YOU ARE!
CONNECTING TO...JACE BURNS MOBILE...
CONNECTION MADE.
DIRECTORY: CONTACTS. EMAIL. SMS. BANKING. PHOTOS. CLOCK. WEATHER.
URP, I--
SPLURT

AT LEAST HE HAD GUTS! HA HA HA HA!
CLONK!
TNK
TNK

WHUFF!
CRNCH
ARGHHH!
I GOT TOO EXCITED WITH THE SNOWMOBILES.
SORRY, EVERYONE--
DIPSON!

DIPSON!
WAH!
SINCE YOU OBVIOUSLY REQUIRE A LARGER DOSE, HERE'S ENOUGH TO MAKE GALACTUS TAKE A NAP.
SHUCK!

UH-OH...
SLEEPY NEEDLES...
DEADPOOL'S INVOLVEMENT CHANGES THINGS.
MEDUSA X WILL WANT TO INTERROGATE HIM.
SHORTBREAD...
SHORTBREAD?

GO TO HELL.
UNIVERSAL BANKING (R) SNAPSHOT
CHECKING: 092 092
USERID: JACEBURNS000
$92,000.34 available now
ACCOUNT ACTIVITY
Pending Transactions
*ELECTRONIC TRANSFER to DEADPOOL INC. -$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC CREDIT from U.S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE +$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC TRANSFER to DEADPOOL INC. -$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC CREDIT from U.S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE +$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC TRANSFER to DEADPOOL INC. -$20,000.00
*DEBIT PURCHASE at UNCLE HAMHOCK'S BURRITO FAMILY -$12.63
*ELECTRONIC CREDIT from U.S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE +$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC TRANSFER to DEADPOOL INC. -$20,000.00
*ELECTRONIC CREDIT from U.S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE +$20,000.00
AW...
ZZZ...

WADE WILSON is DEADPOOL as JACE BURNS in
SECRET AGENT
DEADPOOL
WELCOME TO GORGON, DEADPOOL. I THINK WE'LL KILL YOU SOON.
2018

UH...
OW.

HRRNN...
HRRNN?
Welcome, Deadpool. Make yourself comfortable, and please join us. -X
Welcome, Deadpool. Make yourself comfortable, and please join us. -X
HRRNN?

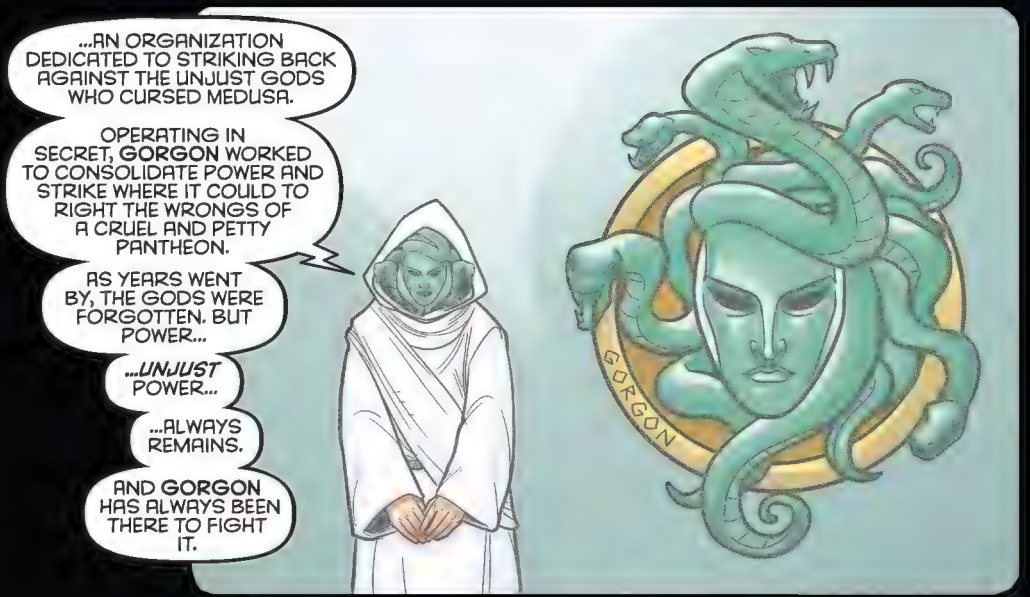
AH, FEELS GOOD TO BE ME AGAIN!
JUST DON'T THINK ABOUT HOW THEY GOT THE INSEAM RIGHT.
SHUNK
WELCOME TO GORGON
ALL RIGHT, LET'S DO THIS. HI, YEAH. WELCOME TO G--
CHIMICHANGAS!
OH, I MISSED YOU.
MR. COOL-DEAD-SPY THAT DADDY WAS PRETENDING TO BE WAS TOO DIGNIFIED FOR FRIED TEX-MEX TREATS.
BUT DADDY ISN'T. DADDY EAT YOU.
GREETINGS, NEW RECRUIT!
OOP. MOVIE'S STARTING.

WELCOME TO BEAUTIFUL GREECE! LAND OF LEGEND AND MYSTERY.
YOU ARE CURRENTLY DEEP UNDERGROUND IN GORGON'S PRIVATE COMPOUND.
I AM MEDUSA X, CURRENT HEAD OF GORGON OPERATIONS.

IF YOU'VE MADE IT THIS FAR, CONGRATULATIONS! GORGON RECOGNIZES YOU AS A SKILLED AND VALUABLE ASSET, WITH PRINCIPLES THAT MIRROR THOSE OF OUR ORIGINAL FOUNDER, MEDUSA.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, MEDUSA WAS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, WRONGED BY THE GODS. SHE WAS CURSED WITH A CROWN OF SNAKES AND A GAZE THAT WOULD TURN MEN TO STONE.

HEARD OF HER...
THERE ARE MANY STORIES OF MEDUSA, BUT ONE LESS TOLD IS HER FORMATION OF A SECRET SOCIETY...
OHHHH...


...AN ORGANIZATION DEDICATED TO STRIKING BACK AGAINST THE UNJUST GODS WHO CURSED MEDUSA.
OPERATING IN SECRET, GORGON WORKED TO CONSOLIDATE POWER AND STRIKE WHERE IT COULD TO RIGHT THE WRONGS OF A CRUEL AND PETTY PANTHEON.
AS YEARS WENT BY, THE GODS WERE FORGOTTEN. BUT POWER...
...UNJUST POWER...
...ALWAYS REMAINS.
AND GORGON HAS ALWAYS BEEN THERE TO FIGHT IT.
GORGON

YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE GORGON BELIEVES YOU ARE READY TO JOIN THAT BATTLE.
WON'T YOU?
WELL, I WAS PRETTY SURE YOU'RE THE BAD GUYS, BUT THIS ALL SOUNDS VERY REASONABLE--
GKK!

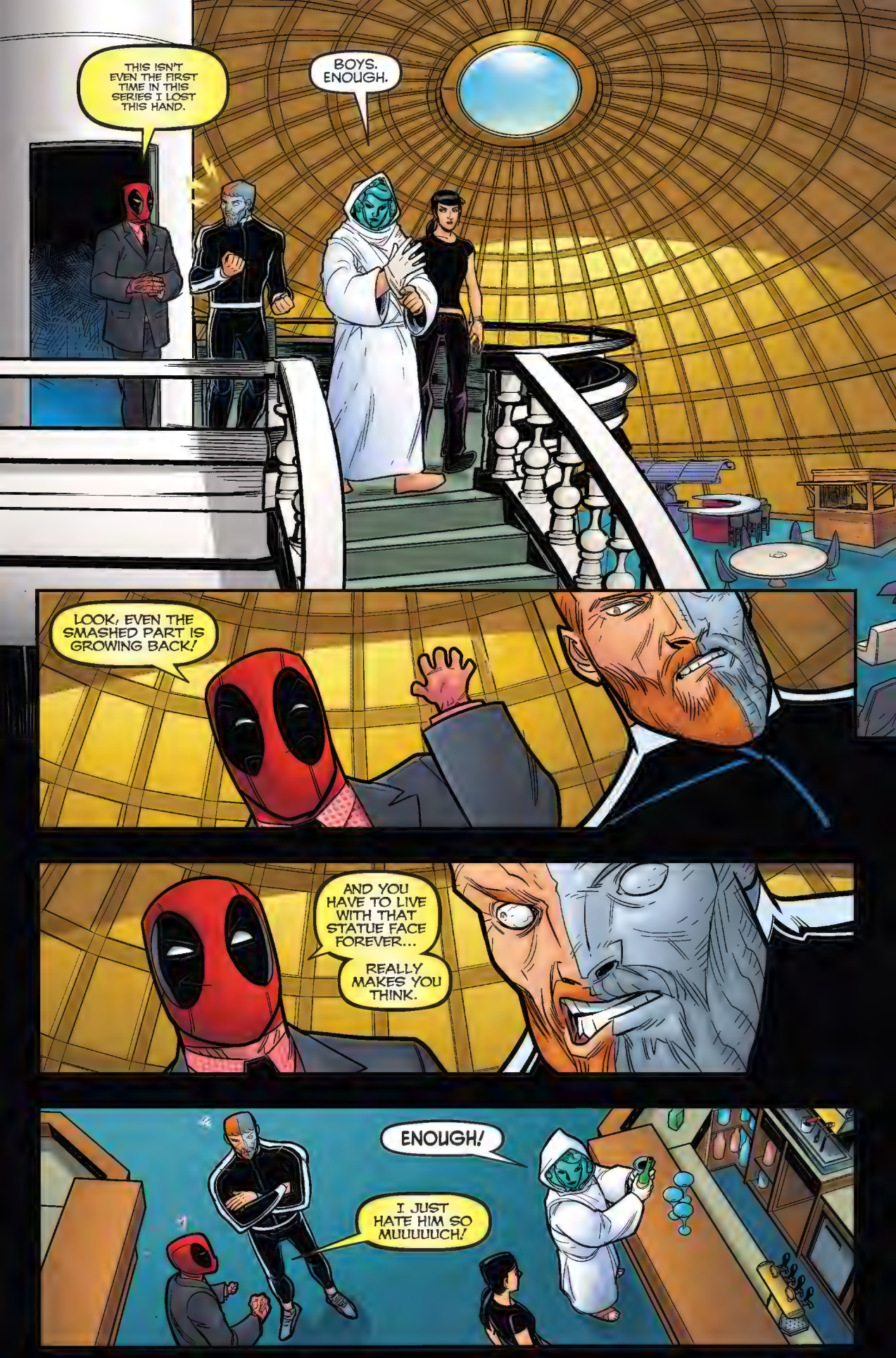
I...
I...
ESPÍN

APPARENTLY YOU'RE NOT AS INVULNERABLE AS ADVERTISED.
TOO BAD.
I DIDN'T THINK YOU WANTED TO *RECRUIT* HIM. I THOUGHT YOU JUST WANTED TO INTERROGATE HIM ABOUT THE **RMA**, DOCTOR DIPSON, THE PROTOLITH--
WHY NOT GET THAT INFORMATION *AND* A SKILLED ASSASSIN WHO MANAGED TO *INFILTRATE* THE **RMA**?
THAT HE MANAGED TO *FOOL* THE **RMA** INTO THINKING HE WAS *JACE BURNS* FOR SO LONG ONLY SHOWS THAT WE HAVE *VASTLY* OVERESTIMATED *THEM!*
IT'S *DEADPOOL*. HE'S AN *IDIOT*.

WHO SAYS IDIOTS CAN'T BE GOOD KILLERS? LET ME SHOW YOU.
STOP.
YOU'RE HEALING. EXCELLENT.
YEAH, THAT'S ME! THE WELCOME VIDEO AND SNACKS WERE GREAT, AND I WAS TOTALLY READY TO HEAR THE REST OF YOUR PITCH...
BUT STATUEFACE SEEMS TO BE MAKING A CAREER OUT OF PISSING ME OFF AND, UH--
I DON'T KNOW HER NAME, BUT SHE TRIED TO KILL ME!
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR TOTALLY HATEFUL CO-WORKERS.
BYE.
NO, YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET.
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STILL SCARE ME WITH YOUR ROCK-SKIN MAGIC? DO IT AGAIN, I'LL JUST COME BACK AGAIN.
YES, BUT...

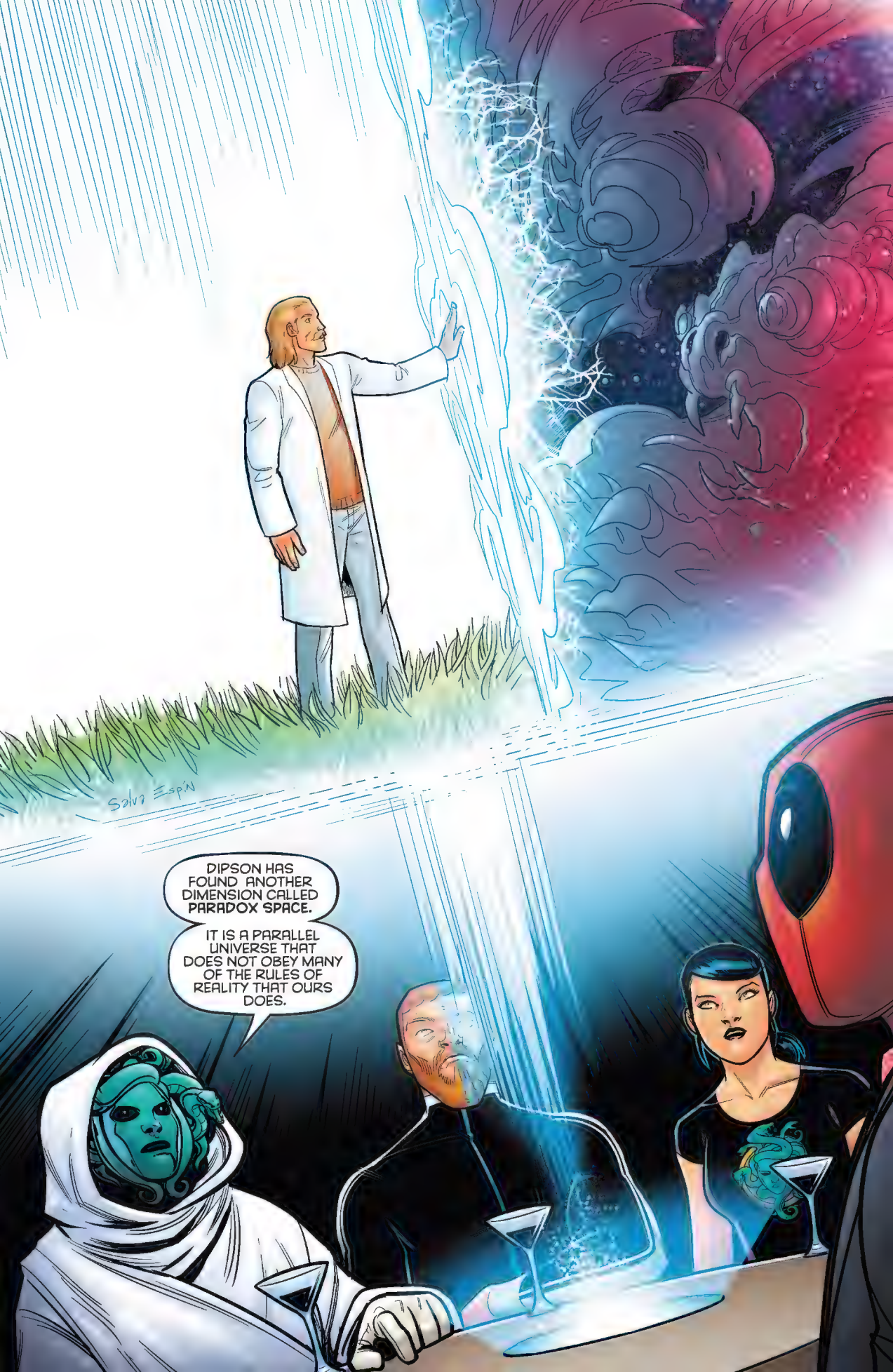
SHATTER
HOW QUICKLY?
AH!
SOME INJURIES TAKE LONGER THAN OTHERS...
AND IF YOUR ENTIRE BODY WERE MADE INTO RUBBLE?
... UNTESTED.
THEN STAY AWHILE. LET'S GO TO THE SOLARIUM.
YEAH, OKAY.

I TAKE IT THAT NIFTY PETRIFICATION POWER IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT HALF OF YOUR...
YES.
YOU JUST TRIPPED AND FELL INTO MEDUSA X ONE DAY OR...
I MADE A MISTAKE. I WAS PUNISHED.
MMMHMM, MHMM...
DOES IT MAKE YOU MAD TO SEE SOMEONE LIKE ME BE FAR LESS AFFECTED BY THE EXACT SAME POWER?
SHUT UP!


THIS ISN'T EVEN THE FIRST TIME IN THIS SERIES I LOST THIS HAND.
BOYS. ENOUGH.
LOOK, EVEN THE SMASHED PART IS GROWING BACK!
AND YOU HAVE TO LIVE WITH THAT STATUE FACE FOREVER...
REALLY MAKES YOU THINK.
ENOUGH!
I JUST HATE HIM SO MUUUUUCH!

MOVING ON. DEADPOOL, MY UNDERSTANDING IS THAT YOU ARE A FREELANCE MERCENARY.
BUT WE PICKED YOU UP WORKING AS A SECRET AGENT FOR RMA.
I KILLED ONE OF THEIR GUYS, BUT THEY THOUGHT HE KILLED ME AND THAT I WAS HIM.
HE DIED IN A FIRE.
I LOOK LIKE I SHOULD HAVE DIED IN A FIRE. AN EASY MIX-UP.
ALSO, I GOT HIS WATCH--
--WHICH I WOULD REALLY LIKE BACK.
HA. MAYBE LATER.
AND YOU LIKE BEING A SECRET AGENT?
IT'S GREAT, YEAH! WAY BETTER PAY. COOLER EQUIPMENT. THEY ACTUALLY LIKE ME.
...OR THEY DID, ANYWAY.

YOU CAN HAVE ALL OF THAT WITH GORGON. ARIA AND VLADICA CAN BE NICE TO YOU. RIGHT?
JUST STOP CALLING ME STATUEFACE.
BUT YOU DO HAVE A STATUE FACE!
WELL, I DID HATE JACE BURNS. AND IF YOU KILLED HIM...
LET'S TALK ABOUT OUR MUTUTAL INTEREST IN DOCTOR CHIP DIPSON. DO YOU KNOW WHAT HE WAS WORKING ON?
I WAS ONLY TOLD IT WAS SOMETHING YOU WANTED.
AHA. HOW FUNNY.
NO, IT'S SOMETHING THAT ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK OF THE RMA WANTS.
WE ARE TRYING TO KEEP IT OUT OF HIS HANDS.
WHA?
LET ME SHOW YOU.


DIPSON HAS FOUND ANOTHER DIMENSION CALLED PARADOX SPACE.
IT IS A PARALLEL UNIVERSE THAT DOES NOT OBEY MANY OF THE RULES OF REALITY THAT OURS DOES.

HE FOUND IT BY DIGGING OUT AN IMPOSSIBLY LARGE *ROCK.*

THE *PROTOLITH.*

"CAN GOD CREATE A ROCK SO HEAVY THAT EVEN HE CANNOT LIFT IT?"

IT IS A PARADOXICAL QUESTION NOT ACTUALLY ABOUT GOD *OR* ROCKS, BUT ABOUT *NATURE* AND *CREATION.* THE ROCK BOTH *CAN* AND *MUST NOT* EXIST.

DIPSON IS CARRYING AROUND JUST THE TIP OF THE PROTOLITH, LEAVING THE REST OF THE *IMPOSSIBLY* LARGE MASS IN PARADOX SPACE.

THE TIP IN *OUR* SPACE CONNECTED TO THE REST IN *PARADOX SPACE* GIVES HIM A MEANS TO TEAR OPEN A LARGER HOLE BETWEEN THE TWO DIMENSIONS.

TO GAZE INTO THAT SPACE INVITES *MADNESS.*

WHY WOULD YOUR ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK WANT SOMETHING LIKE THAT? BECAUSE HE IS *TERRIFIED* OF HIS SUPERIORS. HE *HATES* THAT HIS LITTLE AGENCY OPERATES IN THE SHADOWS OF THE *DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE* OF ALL PLACES.

AND HE HATES THAT I KNOW IT.

A PORTABLE ROCK THAT DRIVES PEOPLE *INSANE* WOULD SOLVE A LOT OF BLANK'S PROBLEMS.

NOT TO MENTION THE UNKNOWN POTENTIAL OF A GATEWAY INTO A WHOLLY IRRATIONAL NEW DIMENSION. THE PROTOLITH CAN DESTROY BLANK'S ENEMIES *AND* GRANT HIS AGENCY THE LEGITIMACY HE DESPERATELY NEEDS.

WOW.
THAT IS THE KIND OF POWER-HUNGRY MADMAN YOU WOULD LEAVE IF YOU JOINED US.
AND WE PAY TOO.
YEAH, OKAY. IT'S A LOT TO TAKE IN.
OF COURSE. THINK IT OVER.
NEIGH!
CLOPPLES! THERE YOU ARE! COME HERE!
CLOPPLES?
WHO'S MY PRETTY LITTLE HORSE?

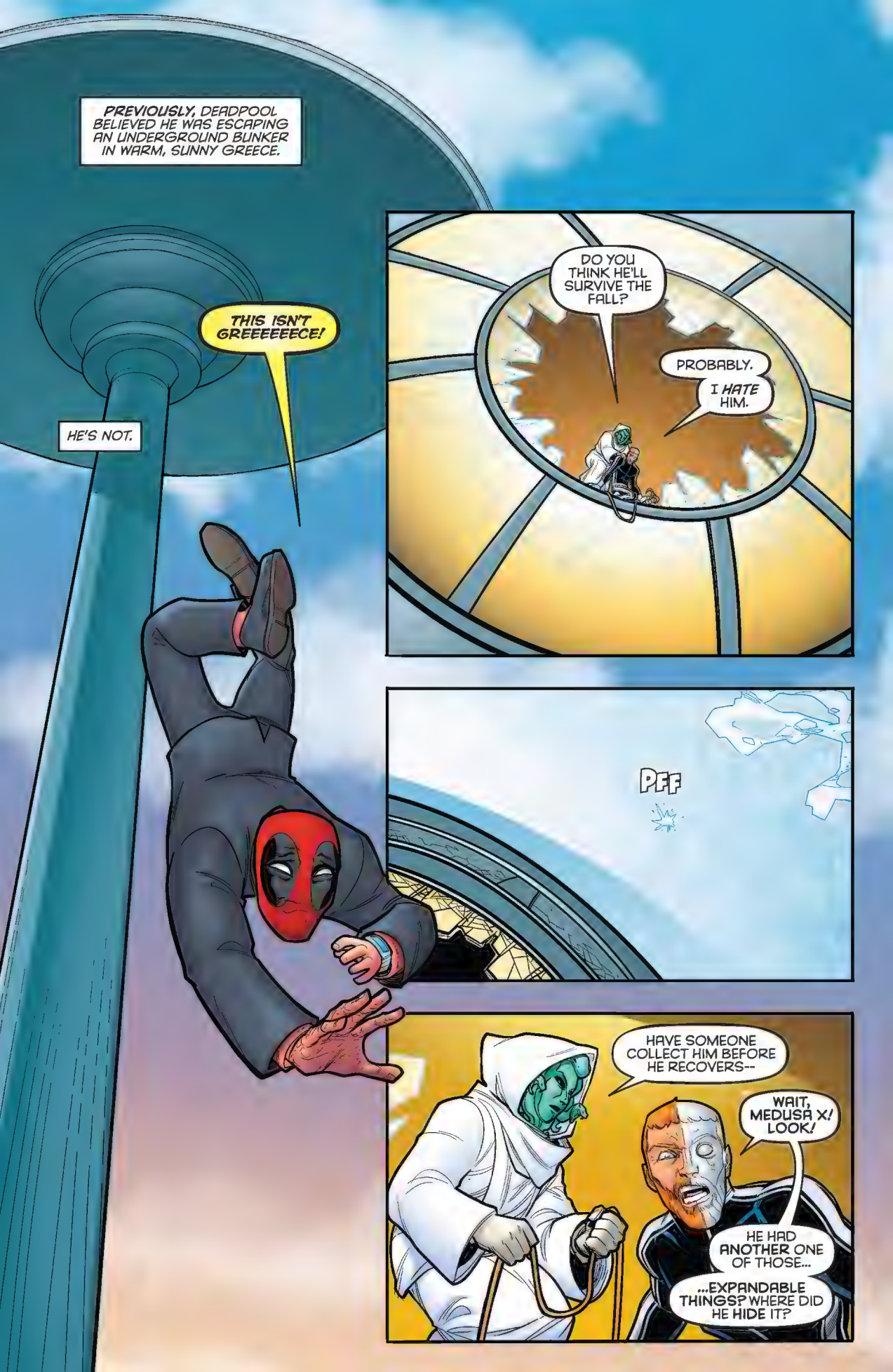
OKAY, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME.
I'M IN. I CAN'T GO BACK TO RMA ANYWAY NOW THAT THEY KNOW I KILLED BURNS...
...AND HAVE BEEN LYING ABOUT IT FOR A LONG TIME.
FANTASTIC! DO YOU HAVE ANY LEADS ON WHERE DIPSON MIGHT BE? WE SHOULD GET ON THAT RIGHT AWAY.
ACTUALLY, FIRST I HAVE TO COME CLEAN WITH YOU.
THAT WATCH HAS AN RMA TRACKER IN IT. THEY KNOW WHERE WE ARE, AND THEY'LL PROBABLY BE HERE SOON.
OH, NO SIGNAL CAN PENETRATE OUR BASE. I'M NOT WORRIED.
STILL, WE SHOULD TURN IT OFF BEFORE WE LEAVE. HOW DO I...
TWIST THE DIAL 45 DEGREES LEFT, 90 RIGHT, 180 LEFT.
OKAY...

AAAAA!!!
CRASH
WHAT IS GOING ON?!
HA! THANK YOU! I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE LOSING A HAND TODAY!
SO I AM GONE.
YOU'RE NOT THE GOOD GUYS! COME ON!
YOU'RE HORSE THIEVES! I DON'T CARE WHAT ELSE YOU SAY, YOU STOLE THAT CUTE HORSE FROM A FAMILY THAT LOVED HIM...
...AND WAS WILLING TO PAY ME A LOT OF MONEY TO GET HIM BACK.

UNLESS YOU HAVE SOME *FLIGHT* ABILITY WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT, YOU'RE GOING TO BE *PEBBLES.*
DO *ROCKET JUMPS* COUNT?
FWOOM
KRSSH
NEXT THING, FIND A *BOAT* OR--
OH NO.

GORGON
THIS ISN'T GREECE.

D.NA
9.10


PREVIOUSLY, DEADPOOL BELIEVED HE WAS ESCAPING AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER IN WARM, SUNNY GREECE.
THIS ISN'T GREEEEEECE!
HE'S NOT.
DO YOU THINK HE'LL SURVIVE THE FALL?
PROBABLY.
I HATE HIM.
PFF
HAVE SOMEONE COLLECT HIM BEFORE HE RECOVERS--
WAIT, MEDUSA X! LOOK!
HE HAD ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE...
...EXPANDABLE THINGS? WHERE DID HE HIDE IT?

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK FOR...

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL

WE INVITED DEADPOOL INTO OUR ARMS, AND IN RETURN HE HUMILIATES US.
I TOLD YOU, HE HAS NO PLACE HERE.
VERY WELL, VLADICA. KILL HIM. WHATEVER IT TAKES.

TO MAKE A CALL, DIAL LEFT FIFTEEN DEGREES, THEN RIGHT...
HELLO?!
HELLO, SHORTBREAD.
BURNS--
NO.
DEADPOOL. WADE WILSON.
THE MAN WHO KILLED JACE BURNS.
LISTEN, I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A SECRET AGENT AT THE TIME AND--
AND THEN YOU LET US BELIEVE YOU WERE HIM?!
I LIKED YOU. I THOUGHT YOU WERE JACE AND THAT HE WAS FINALLY--
NEVER MIND.

BLLLAT
BLLLAT
BLLLAT
I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT! BUT YOU--OW--HAVE TO UNDERSTAND HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT WAS NOT TO GO ALONG WITH THE WHOLE COOL, BELOVED SECRET AGENT THING!
NOT--OW--THAT MANY PEOPLE LIKE ME--
OOF. SPEAKING OF...
WHERE ARE YOU?
I'M ESCAPING GORGON CUSTODY.
THEY DIDN'T TURN YOU TO STONE?!
THEY TRIED. HEALING FACTOR.
CAN YOU HOLD FOR A SEC? I NEED TO DO SOMETHING ELSE WITH THE WATCH.
BUZZ
OH. NEVER MIND.

BLLLAT
BLLLAT
BLLLAT
ZIP THD THD
I THINK I NEED TO GO.
NO! WAIT! I'M--
ARE YOU BEING SHOT RIGHT NOW?
YES!
AND IT'S NOT EVEN KILLING ME A LITTLE, YOU DORKS!
BLLLAT
PTNK
TNK
TNK
TNK
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RR RR RRR... PUHTISSSS...
UH-OH.

GOODBYE, DEADPOOL. GOOD LUCK NOT DYING.
I HOPE I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.
NO! I WANT TO HELP! LET ME PROVE IT!
BLLLAT BLLLAT
I KNOW WHAT GORGON IS TRYING TO DO WITH DR. DIPSON. I CAN STOP THEM.
LET ME DO THAT AS A THANK YOU.
FOR WHAT?
FOR LETTING ME FEEL LIKE A HUMAN BEING FOR A LITTLE WHILE.
...
OKAY. WE HAVE NEW LEADS FOR DIPSON. I'M NOT TELLING ANYONE I'M DOING THIS, AND I STILL DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU.
I'LL FORWARD THEM TO YOUR WATCH.
YES! THANK YOU!
-CLICK-

NOW THAT I'M OFF THE PHONE WITH THE GIRL I LIKE...
HOW YOU DOIN'?
AH!
WHAT'S THAT? YOU LOVE ME?
AND YOU WANT TO SHOOT YOUR FRIENDS BECAUSE YOU'RE SO JEALOUS?!
HNGH, NO!
BLLLAT
BLLLAT
BLLLAT
BLLLAT
GET OFF ME!
WHAT'S THAT? YOUR LOVE IS TAINTED?

THE ONLY WAY YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE POWERFUL EMOTIONS IS TO SHOOT YOURSELF?
NO! I'M NOT SAYING ANY OF THAT!
YES. YOU. ARE---
GUN!!
HUH? WAS THAT A NORMAL PERSON---
CRASH

THEY CRASHED INTO THE RESORT AT THE MOUNTAIN BASE.
AGENT, KEEP DEADPOOL ENGAGED UNTIL WE CAN SEND BACKUP.
AGENT, ARE YOU THERE? COME IN.
NOTHING. I'LL SEND MEN DOWN AND--
FORGET IT.
"HE'S GONE."
EXCUSE ME! DO YOU KNOW WHAT COUNTRY WE'RE IN?
AAAH!

ARGENTINA, THE NEXT DAY...

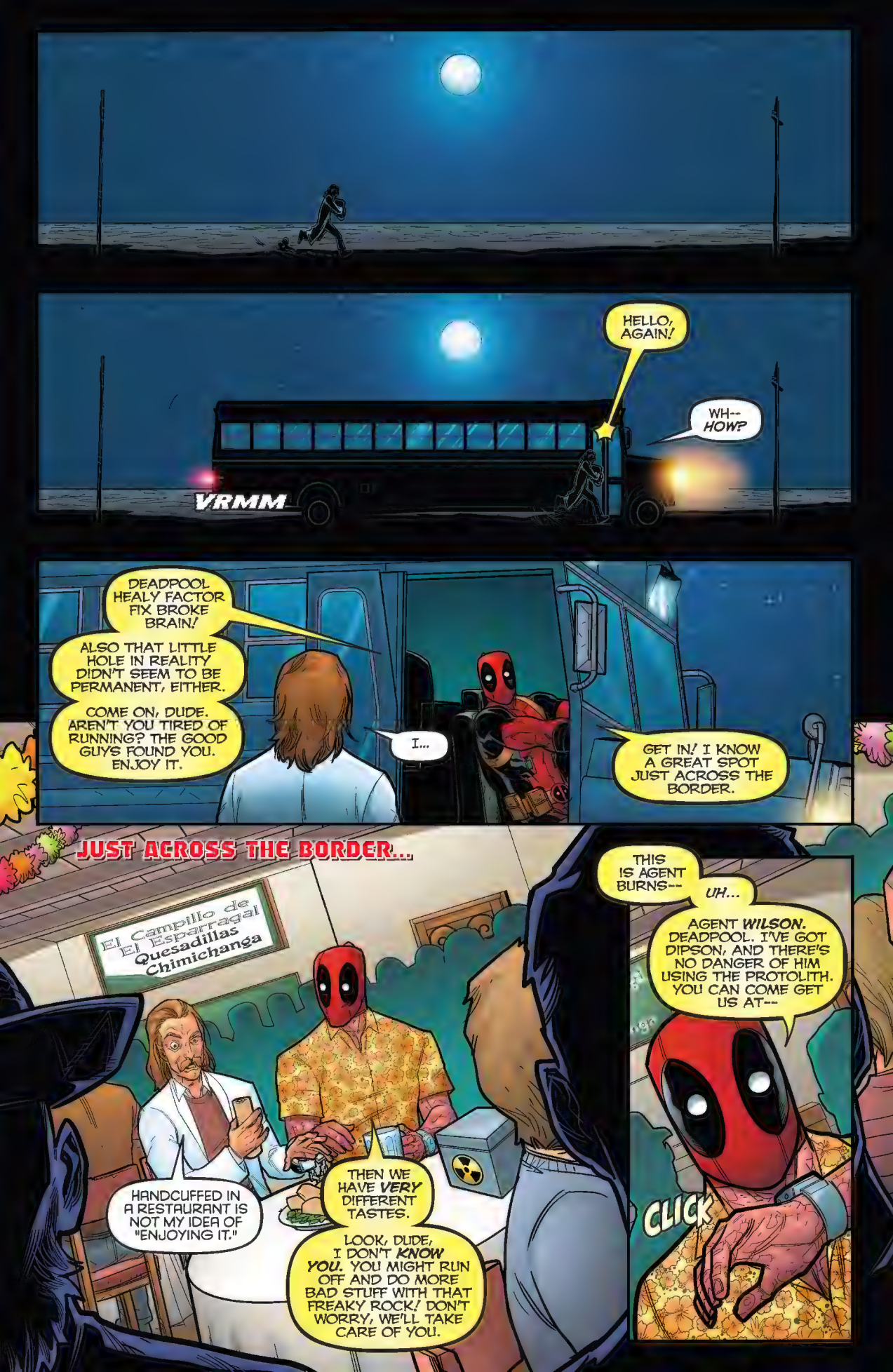
E-EXCUSE ME?
I THINK I MISSED MY STOP?

NOT AT ALL! YOU JUST HAVE A NEW STOP.
YOU SEEMED SO TUCKERED OUT, I DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU WITH THOSE DETAILS.
NO. NO.
SCREEEEEEE
DR. DIPSON. IT'S OKAY. I'M HERE TO HELP YOU.
I KNOW ABOUT THE REALLY BIG ROCK YOU'RE CARRYING AROUND WITH YOU-- IT'S THE PROTOLITH, RIGHT?
THE REST OF IT IS IN ANOTHER DIMENSION, RIGHT? AND IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL WITH YOUR END YOU TEAR A HOLE INTO THAT DIMENSION? IF ANYONE LOOKS INTO THAT TEAR, THEY GO CRAZY?
Y-YES... AND I'D BE H-H-HAPPY TO SHOW YOU--

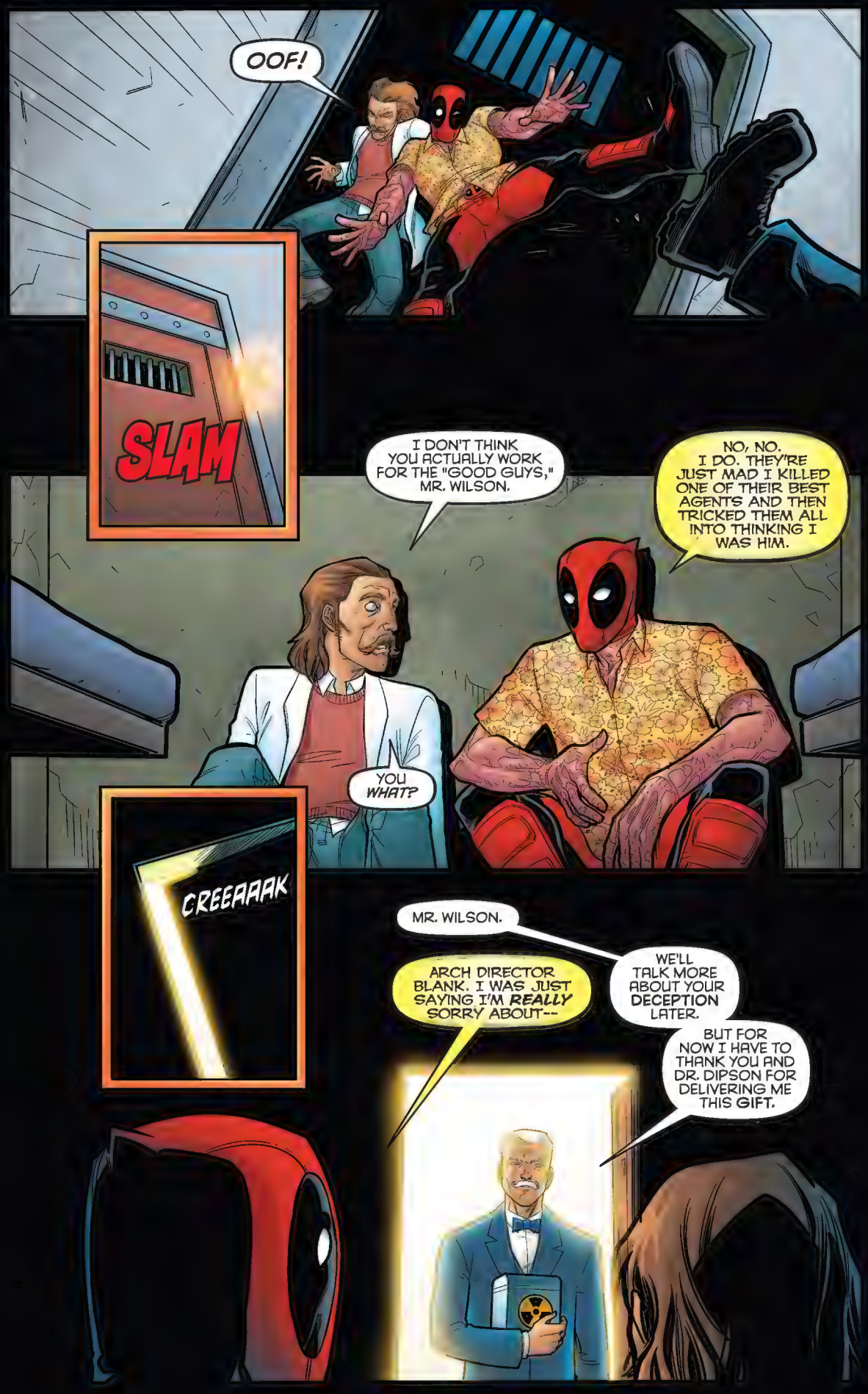
THAT'S OKAY! I'M WITH PEOPLE WHO WANT TO MAKE SURE IT ENDS UP IN THE RIGHT HANDS.
THERE *ARE* NO RIGHT HANDS.
TAKE A LOOK.
SHRRIIIPPPT
...
WELL, THIS DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE AT ALL.

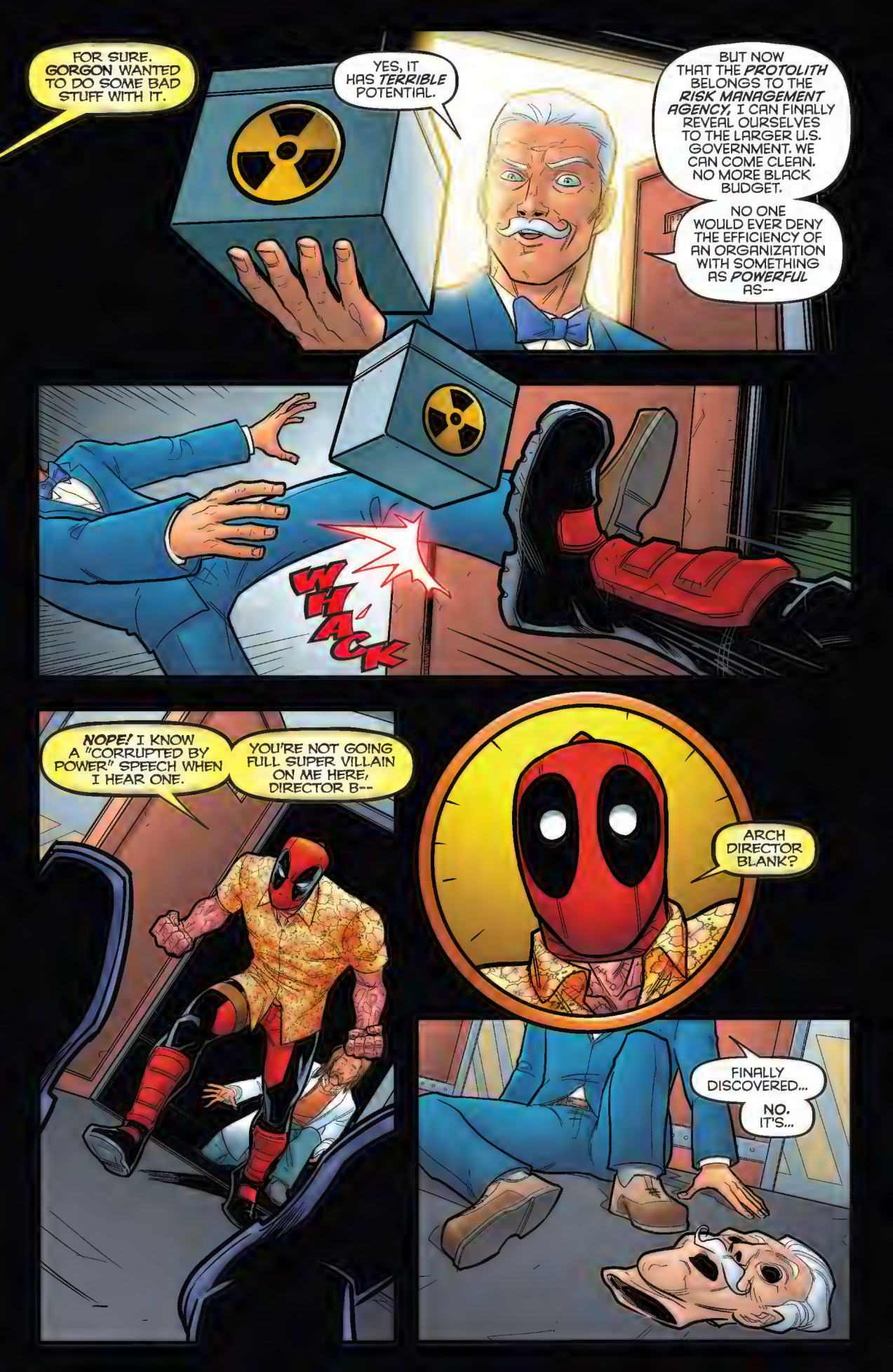
BAH BAH BAH BAH.
BAH.
BUH BAH!
BUH DAH BOOH BAH.
BAH?
BUH.
BAY BUH.
Salva ESPIN
BOOOWAAAH...
YOUR STATEMENT OF "BAH," "BUH" OR "BOH," WHILE SOUNDING EMINENTLY REASONABLE, BUILT UPON UNQUESTIONABLY TRUE PREMISES, MUST BE DECLARED TO BE LOGICALLY UNACCEPTABLE.
BAH!

BUHHH...
SHHLLURRPP...


HELLO, AGAIN!
WH-- HOW?
VRMM
DEADPOOL HEALY FACTOR FIX BROKE BRAIN!
ALSO THAT LITTLE HOLE IN REALITY DIDN'T SEEM TO BE PERMANENT, EITHER.
COME ON, DUDE. AREN'T YOU TIRED OF RUNNING? THE GOOD GUYS FOUND YOU. ENJOY IT.
I...
GET IN! I KNOW A GREAT SPOT JUST ACROSS THE BORDER.
JUST ACROSS THE BORDER...
El Campillo de El Esparragal
Quesadillas
Chimichanga
HANDCUFFED IN A RESTAURANT IS NOT MY IDEA OF "ENJOYING IT."
THEN WE HAVE VERY DIFFERENT TASTES.
LOOK, DUDE, I DON'T KNOW YOU. YOU MIGHT RUN OFF AND DO MORE BAD STUFF WITH THAT FREAKY ROCK! DON'T WORRY, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
THIS IS AGENT BURNS--
UH...
AGENT WILSON. DEADPOOL. I'VE GOT DIPSON, AND THERE'S NO DANGER OF HIM USING THE PROTOLITH. YOU CAN COME GET US AT--
CLICK

El Campillo de
El Esparragal
Quesadillas
Chimichanga
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
SO WE WERE EXPECTED, THEN.
Salva Espin 2018

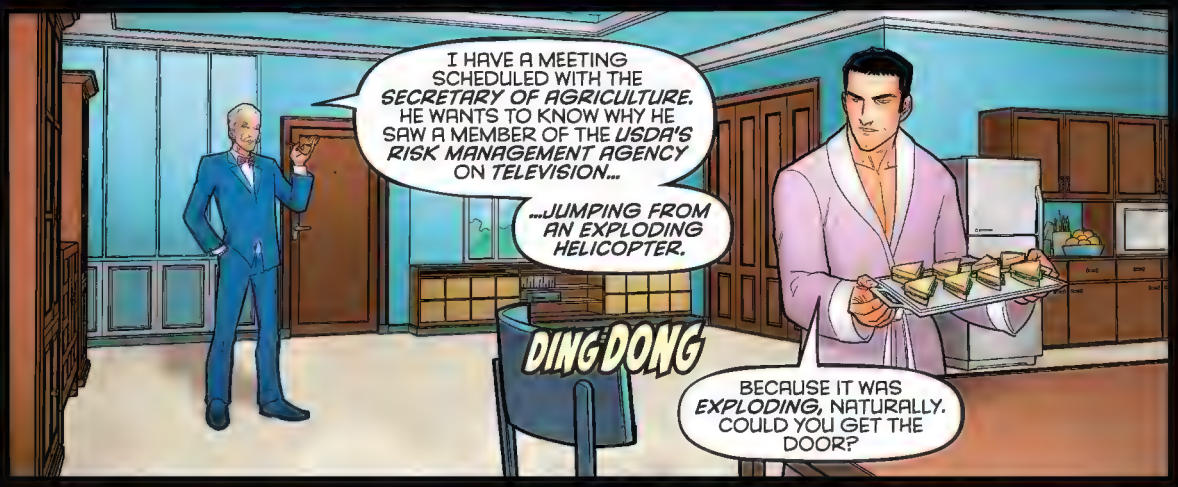

OOF!
SLAM
I DON'T THINK YOU ACTUALLY WORK FOR THE "GOOD GUYS," MR. WILSON.
NO, NO. I DO. THEY'RE JUST MAD I KILLED ONE OF THEIR BEST AGENTS AND THEN TRICKED THEM ALL INTO THINKING I WAS HIM.
YOU *WHAT?*
CREEAAAK
MR. WILSON.
ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK. I WAS JUST SAYING I'M ***REALLY*** SORRY ABOUT--
WE'LL TALK MORE ABOUT YOUR **DECEPTION** LATER.
BUT FOR NOW I HAVE TO THANK YOU AND DR. DIPSON FOR DELIVERING ME THIS GIFT.


FOR SURE. GORGON WANTED TO DO SOME BAD STUFF WITH IT.
YES, IT HAS *TERRIBLE* POTENTIAL.
BUT NOW THAT THE *PROTOLITH* BELONGS TO THE *RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY,* I CAN FINALLY REVEAL OURSELVES TO THE LARGER U.S. GOVERNMENT. WE CAN COME CLEAN. NO MORE BLACK BUDGET.
NO ONE WOULD EVER DENY THE EFFICIENCY OF AN ORGANIZATION WITH SOMETHING AS *POWERFUL* AS--
WHACK
NOPE! I KNOW A "CORRUPTED BY POWER" SPEECH WHEN I HEAR ONE.
YOU'RE NOT GOING FULL SUPER VILLAIN ON ME HERE, DIRECTOR B--
ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK?
FINALLY DISCOVERED...
NO. IT'S...

BURNS.
JACE BURNS.
Salva Espin 2018

DNA
10.10

SIX MONTHS AGO...
MEDUSA IX WAS GONNA CHANGE THE WORLD. IT AIN'T RIGHT WHAT HAPPENED TO HER.
I HEARD THE GORGON HIGHER-UPS GOT A GOOD LEAD ON BRINGING IN A MEDUSA X.
IT WON'T BE THE SAME...
HOLD UP! IS THAT...
...THE GUY WHO KILLED HER? WHY WOULD HE STILL BE IN TOWN?
...BURNS, JACE BURNS.
PERHAPS AFTER GOLF, I CAN SHOW YOU AROUND THE ESTATE, MISTER...
BURNS. JACE BURNS.
--WILL GIVE YOU THE COORDINATES FOR THE MISSILE SHIPMENT.
MMM-HMM. I LIKE THIS RUG. COULD I GET IT SHIPPED?
IT'S BURNS, JACE BURNS. 3120...
Jace Burns
3120 Woodla
Drive North
Washingto
THIS WAS...
...INCREDIBLY EASY.
BURNS, YOU'RE BEING RECKLESS.

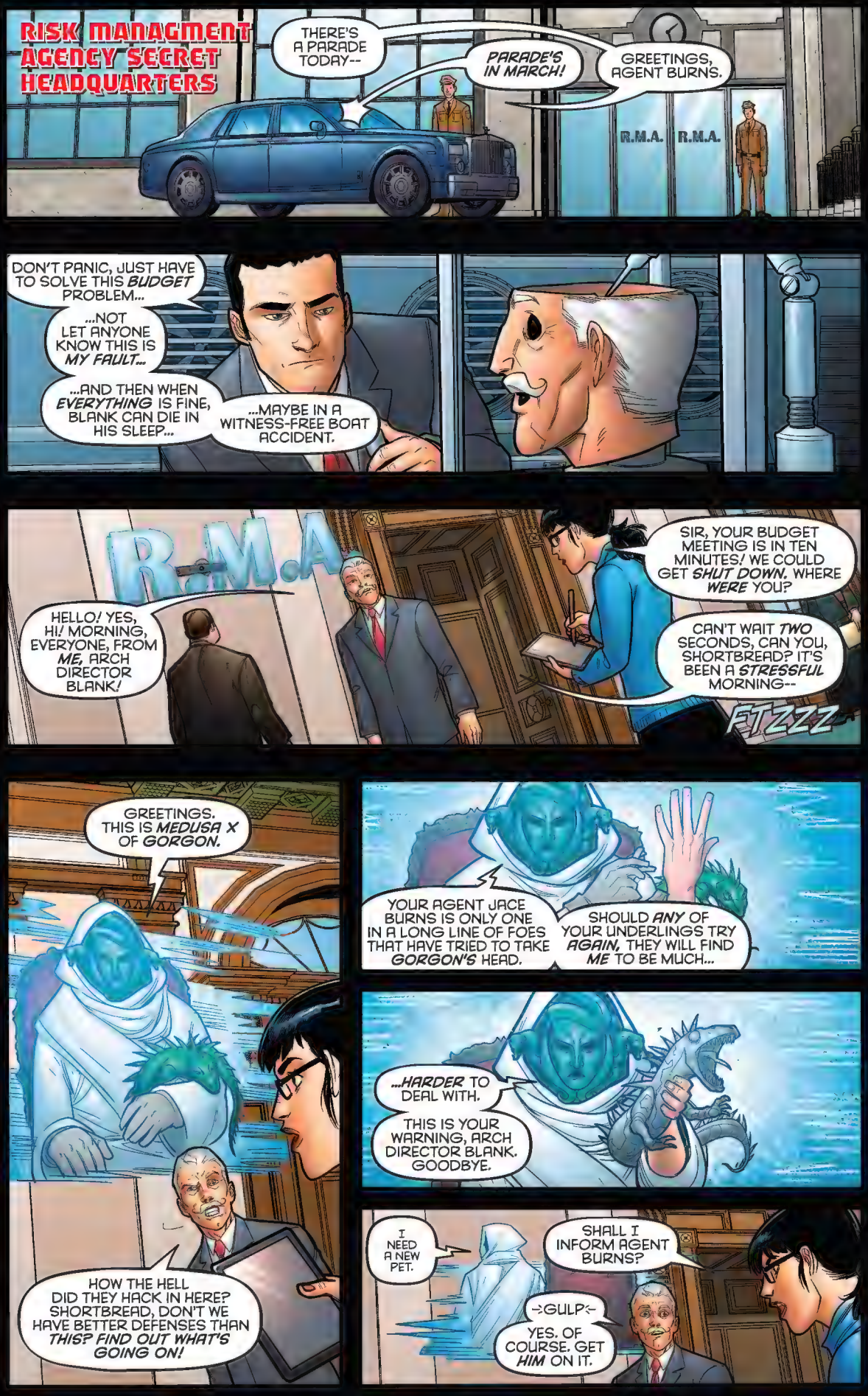

I HAVE A MEETING SCHEDULED WITH THE *SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE.* HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY HE SAW A MEMBER OF THE *USDA'S RISK MANAGEMENT AGENCY* ON *TELEVISION...*
...JUMPING FROM AN EXPLODING HELICOPTER.
DING DONG
BECAUSE IT WAS *EXPLODING,* NATURALLY. COULD YOU GET THE DOOR?

IF THE *USDA* FINDS OUT WHAT THIS AGENCY *ACTUALLY* SPENDS ITS BUDGET ON, WE ARE *FINISHED,* AGENT BURNS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT THIS TIME, BUT YOU NEED TO BE *CAREFUL,* OR--

BLAM

BANG BANG BANG

...
WELL...
...THIS IS A DILEMMA.

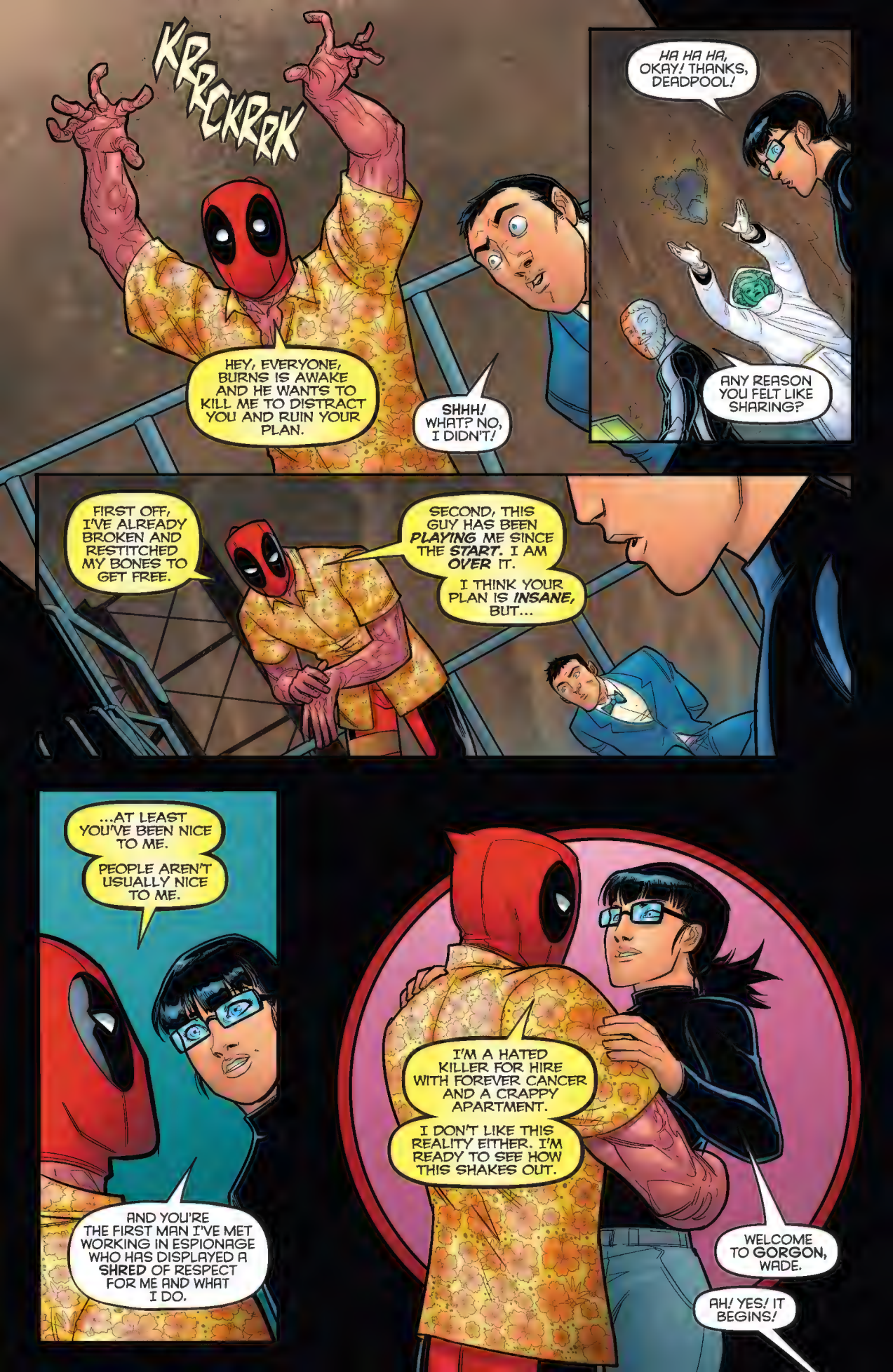

RISK MANAGMENT AGENCY SECRET HEADQUARTERS
THERE'S A PARADE TODAY--
PARADE'S IN MARCH!
GREETINGS, AGENT BURNS.
R.M.A.
R.M.A.
DON'T PANIC, JUST HAVE TO SOLVE THIS BUDGET PROBLEM...
...NOT LET ANYONE KNOW THIS IS MY FAULT...
...AND THEN WHEN EVERYTHING IS FINE, BLANK CAN DIE IN HIS SLEEP...
...MAYBE IN A WITNESS-FREE BOAT ACCIDENT.
R.M.A.
HELLO! YES, HI! MORNING, EVERYONE, FROM ME, ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK!
SIR, YOUR BUDGET MEETING IS IN TEN MINUTES! WE COULD GET SHUT DOWN. WHERE WERE YOU?
CAN'T WAIT TWO SECONDS, CAN YOU, SHORTBREAD? IT'S BEEN A STRESSFUL MORNING--
FTZZZ
GREETINGS. THIS IS MEDUSA X OF GORGON.
HOW THE HELL DID THEY HACK IN HERE? SHORTBREAD, DON'T WE HAVE BETTER DEFENSES THAN THIS? FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!
YOUR AGENT JACE BURNS IS ONLY ONE IN A LONG LINE OF FOES THAT HAVE TRIED TO TAKE GORGON'S HEAD.
SHOULD ANY OF YOUR UNDERLINGS TRY AGAIN, THEY WILL FIND ME TO BE MUCH...
...HARDER TO DEAL WITH.
THIS IS YOUR WARNING, ARCH DIRECTOR BLANK. GOODBYE.
I NEED A NEW PET.
SHALL I INFORM AGENT BURNS?
-:GULP:-
YES. OF COURSE. GET HIM ON IT.

I SEE POLYAK. HE'S IN A GORGON HELICOPTER.
GREAT WORK, JACE! ARE YOU IN PURSUIT?
SHORTBREAD. NO, THAT WOULD BE STUPID. I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE NEAR THEM UNTIL I FIGURE OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH THAT NEW MEDUSA X'S POWER.
THAT MAKES SENSE--
YOU'RE DISTRACTING ME. I'M GOING DARK.
BWIP
DEPARTMENT K HEALING FACTOR
THIRD-DEGREE BURNS
RAPID DERMAL REGENERATION
OH, A HEALING FACTOR. ANOTHER SUPER-POWERED JACKASS WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD WHILE THE REST OF US DEAL WITH A SUDDEN RESPECT FOR DANGER AND DEATH AFTER A PAIR OF GUNMEN SHOWED UP AT OUR HOUSE...
MAYBE WE SHOULD RECRUIT THIS GUY. HE COULD PROBABLY SHRUG OFF MEDUSA X'S STONE TOUCH, NO PROBLEM.
THAT WOULD LOOK TERRIBLE FOR ME, THOUGH.
UNLESS...

NOW.
YOU CALLED IN THE HIT ON YOURSELF!
AND BROUGHT YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS WHEN YOU PASSED OUT.
BAD IMPRESSION OF ME ASIDE, YOU DID AN EXCELLENT JOB RETRIEVING THIS SCIENTIST AND HIS DOOMSDAY ROCK.
IT DROVE ME INSANE FOR LESS THAN THREE MINUTES. I'VE FELT WORSE FROM FROM ATTEMPTING THE NEW YORK TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE.
UNCORKING THE PROTOLITH TO REVEAL THE MADNESS OF THE PARADOX SPACE IS HARDLY THE LIMIT OF ITS POTENTIAL.
ARCH DIRECTOR, WE'RE READY TO TRANSFER DOCTOR DIPSON AND--
BURNS??? WH--
HAHA, YES, I'M ALIVE! MISS ME, SHORTBREAD? THE REAL ME?
MISS YOU? I--
DID YOU NOT HEAR THE PARTS IN YOUR OWN STORY WHERE YOU TREATED HER LIKE GARBAGE?
WHAT? NO I DIDN'T.
EH... LET'S JUST SAY...
...WHEN HE WAS ACTING HALFWAY DECENT AS YOU, IT NEARLY MADE ME FEEL CONFLICTED ABOUT ALL THIS.
HIM?
"THIS"?
WE TRIED TO BRING YOU ON BOARD, WADE.
SHUNK
SHUNK
SHUNK
FRIGGIN' SPIES.

DEATH'S GATE ISLAND.
HEEEEY, WASN'T THIS BLOWN UP BEFORE?
WADE, YOU'RE AWAKE!
NO. WE MADE THE ISLAND *APPEAR* DESTROYED AFTER YOUR ENCOUNTER WITH GENERAL CHUL-MU BAK SO YOU WOULD ABANDON IT FOR *GORGON* TO *CLAIM.*
THE DEATH'S GATE PORTAL IS *CRUCIAL* TO THE *FINALE* OF OUR *MILLENNIA-LONG PLAN!*
"A STONE SO LARGE THAT EVEN GOD CANNOT LIFT IT."
SOME KIND OF PARADOXICALLY BIG AND HEAVY THING THAT SHOULD AND SHOULDN'T EXIST AT ONCE.
YES. IT IS *BIG,* AND IT IS *VERY DIFFICULT* TO COMPREHEND, BUT...
...WE'VE KIND OF BEEN FEEDING YOU A LOAD OF CRAP ABOUT ITS *TRUE NATURE.*
THE PROTOLITH IS "THE FIRST ROCK."
ALL CREATION STARTS WITH THIS HOLY GRAPHITE.
THIS IS THE TIP OF *GOD'S PENCIL.*

HA HA, WHAT?
YES, GORGON IS DEDICATED TO STRIPPING AWAY POWER FROM THE UNWORTHY. LIKE BURNS AND THE ARCH DIRECTOR AND THEIR WHOLE STUPID ORGANIZATION.
BUT NOTHING CHANGES. REALITY ITSELF IS UNJUST. WE DEEM ITS AUTHOR UNQUALIFIED, AND WE REVOKE HIS PENCIL.
WE STAND ABOVE A PORTAL TO ANYWHERE. WE'LL DEPLOY THIS TOOL SWIFTLY ACROSS THE WORLD, REDRAWING IT TO OUR VISION.
A COSMIC. PENCIL.
THE ROOT OF ALL THE INJUSTICE OF CREATION, COMPLETELY UNDONE!
ISN'T IT EXCITING?
NICE WORK KEEPING HER DISTRACTED. MY CUFF LINKS HAVE DIAMOND WIRE. I'VE NEARLY GOT IT.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?
PHONE'S NEARLY DEAD...
I CAN USE IT TO SLIP MY HANDS OUT OF THE CUFF LINKS, AND THEN I'LL GARROTE YOU. YOU'LL PASS OUT. THEY'LL THINK I'M ON THEIR SIDE.
I'LL SWEET-TALK THEM, AND THEN YOU CAN JUMP UP AND MAKE THEM SHOOT YOU.
THEY'LL RUN OUT OF BULLETS, YOU'LL HEAL AGAIN, AND--

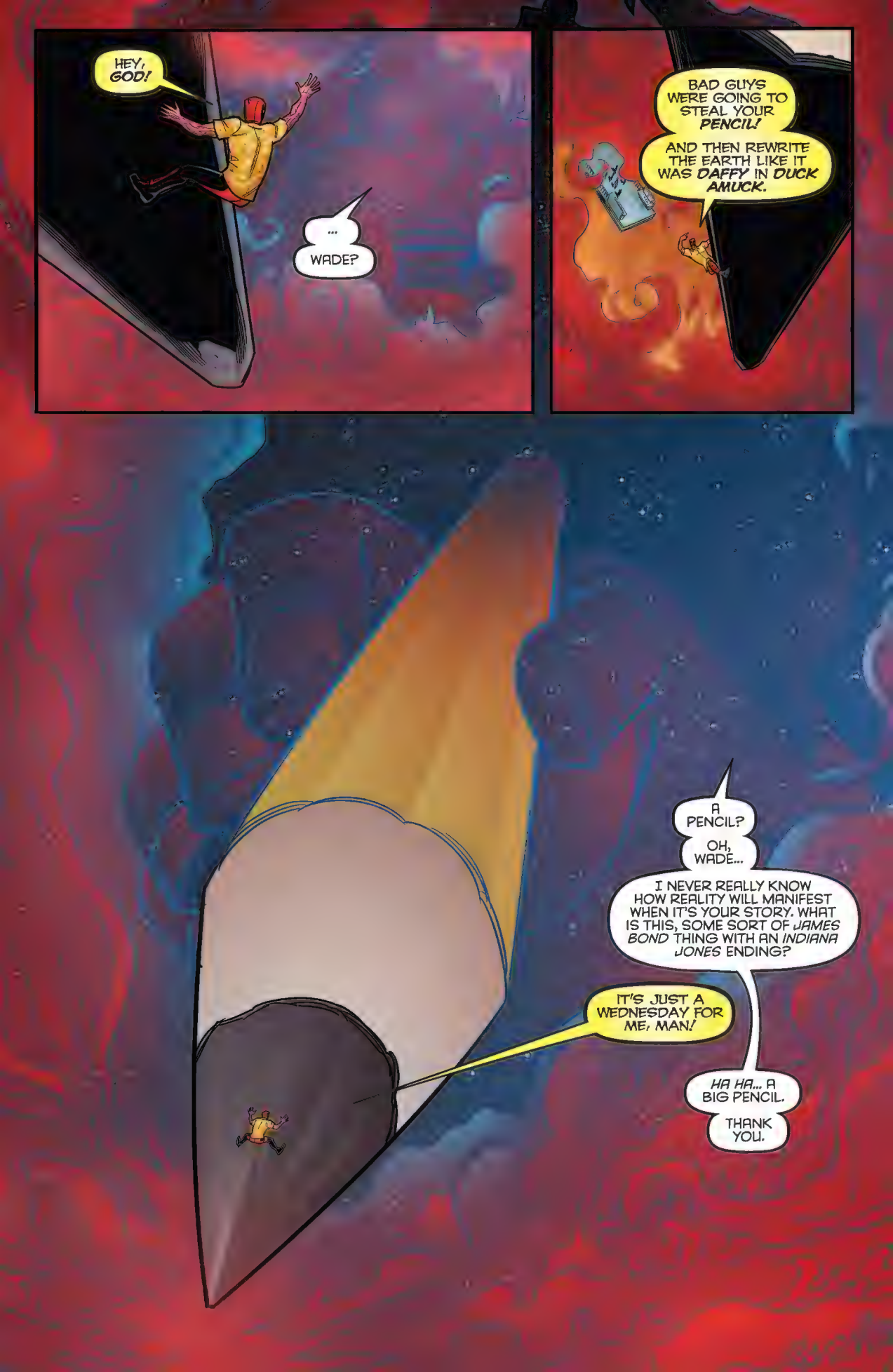

KRRCKRRK
HEY, EVERYONE, BURNS IS AWAKE AND HE WANTS TO KILL ME TO DISTRACT YOU AND RUIN YOUR PLAN.
SHHH! WHAT? NO, I DIDN'T!
HA HA HA, OKAY! THANKS, DEADPOOL!
ANY REASON YOU FELT LIKE SHARING?
FIRST OFF, I'VE ALREADY BROKEN AND RESTITCHED MY BONES TO GET FREE.
SECOND, THIS GUY HAS BEEN PLAYING ME SINCE THE START. I AM OVER IT.
I THINK YOUR PLAN IS INSANE, BUT...
...AT LEAST YOU'VE BEEN NICE TO ME.
PEOPLE AREN'T USUALLY NICE TO ME.
AND YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN I'VE MET WORKING IN ESPIONAGE WHO HAS DISPLAYED A SHRED OF RESPECT FOR ME AND WHAT I DO.
I'M A HATED KILLER FOR HIRE WITH FOREVER CANCER AND A CRAPPY APARTMENT.
I DON'T LIKE THIS REALITY EITHER. I'M READY TO SEE HOW THIS SHAKES OUT.
WELCOME TO GORGON, WADE.
AH! YES! IT BEGINS!

THE PROTOLITH IS POINT OH-OH-NINE PERCENT SURFACED INTO OUR DIMENSION!
BE CAREFUL. OUR BRAINS WERE NOT BUILT TO COMPREHEND THE DIVINE SPACE THE PROTOLITH POKES OUT OF. IT PLUGS THE RIFT PERFECTLY, AND IF WE TEAR IT THE RESULTS WOULD BE CATASTROPHIC.
THE WATERS OF DEATH'S GATE SWIRL AND REFORM BELOW US. SOON IT WILL BE A PORTAL ABOVE NEW YORK CITY.
WHEN THE PROTOLITH EMERGES ABOVE, WE JUST LET IT DROP RIGHT DOWN TO REDRAW THE WORLD TO OUR LIKING...
...AND THEN MOVE ON TO THE REST OF EXISTENCE!
WAIT, THE PROTOLITH IS...
IT'S COMING OUT TOO FAST!

T-CHUNK!
WHO'S DOING THIS?! IT WILL TEAR OPEN REALITY!
MY PHONE! IT'S INTERFACING WITH THE EXTRACTION CONTROLS! IT'S MAKING IT GO TOO FAST!
THE PHONE...
THE UNIVERSAL ACCESS DEVICE I GOT FROM IMP...
WHERE IS IT?!
I LIIIIED...
Protolith extrac
safety OVERRIDE.
OPEN UP!

LOOK AWAY!
IT'S... EVERYTHING!
AND NOTHING!
I WAS SO WRONG! OF COURSE I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT!
THE REALM OF THE ONE... ABOVE ALL.

YEAH, YEAH, SEEN IT.
HUP.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I JUST THOUGHT I'D LET THIS SOURCE OF ALL TERROR AND WONDER AND LOVE KNOW THAT HE DROPPED HIS...
THAT HE DROPPED HIS...
HIS...
H-H--
BLEH!
ALMOST WENT CRAZY LIKE YOU NORMIES.
I'M GONNA TELL THIS GUY HE DROPPED HIS PENCIL!


HEY, GOD!
...
WADE?
BAD GUYS WERE GOING TO STEAL YOUR PENCIL!
AND THEN REWRITE THE EARTH LIKE IT WAS DAFFY IN DUCK AMUCK.
A PENCIL?
OH, WADE...
I NEVER REALLY KNOW HOW REALITY WILL MANIFEST WHEN IT'S YOUR STORY. WHAT IS THIS, SOME SORT OF JAMES BOND THING WITH AN INDIANA JONES ENDING?
IT'S JUST A WEDNESDAY FOR ME, MAN!
HA HA... A BIG PENCIL.
THANK YOU.

NO, PROBLEM! FEEL FREE TO USE IT TO FIX MY LIFE OR WHATEVER.
WE BOTH KNOW THAT WON'T WORK.
YEAH, I GUESS!
CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING....
THAT'S A MASSIVE LEVEL OF POWER I DON'T FEEL LIKE TEMPTING ANYMORE TODAY.

LET'S JUST CLOSE THE PORTAL BELOW US TOO...
S-STEP AWAY FROM THE TERMINAL!
KRAK
...BECAUSE I'M ABOUT TO DROP A TON OF BODIES, AND WE DON'T NEED THEM TO LITTER THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.
THIS HAS BEEN FUN.
BUT I'VE BEEN SCREWED BY EVERYONE HERE.
AND IT'S TIME TO WRAP THIS UP.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

I'LL MAKE YOU PAY--

BLAM

BLAM

I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO *SAVOR* THAT. STUPID *STATUEFACE.* STUPID *SPIES.*

STAB

I'LL TALK TO *YOU* IN A SEC.

HEY, WHO HERE TIPPED OFF THE TERRORISTS TO THE PENCIL THAT BELONGS TO AN *EXTRADIMENSIONAL BEING* THAT SURPASSES OUR UNDERSTANDING?

THIS GUY DID.

I JOINED GORGON IN 1946, AND I HAVE SPENT THIS ENTIRE TIME DETERMINING THE MEANS BY WHICH THE ONE ABOVE ALL MANIPULATES CREATION. IT IS MY--

BLAM

THAT SHOULD HELP THIS STAY SECRET FOR A WHILE...

WELL DONE, DEADPOOL. IF YOU COULD *UNTIE* ME, WE CAN TALK ABOUT BRINGING YOU INTO THE RMA IN AN *OFFICIAL* CAPACITY--

PHONE CALL!

THE RMA IS ABUSING A SECRET BUDGET AND RUNNING A BUNCH OF SECRET AGENTS AROUND?!

I'M SHUTTING THEM DOWN!

RATTED OUT!

ALL RIGHT, DOC. LET'S FIND A WAY OUT OF HERE.

I'D ACTUALLY REALLY LOVE TO STAY AND STUDY THIS ISLAND. THE PORTAL ITSELF IS *ANCIENT,* AND--

YOU GOT IT, NERD.

NOW WHERE IS SHORTBR--

GORGON IS NOT FINISHED YET, DEADPOOL--

KRAK

YEAH, YEAH.

WHO THE HELL *ARE YOU?*

YEAH, HEY, WADE. IT'S ME.

THE GREY GARGOYLE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING RUNNING AROUND WITH THIS WEIRDO DOOMSDAY CULT?

THEY PUT OUT AN AD! NEEDED SOMEONE WITH STONE POWERS! IT'S A LIVING, RIGHT?

HUH.

HAH! THAT DEADPOOL. WHAT A PUTZ, AMIRITE?

...

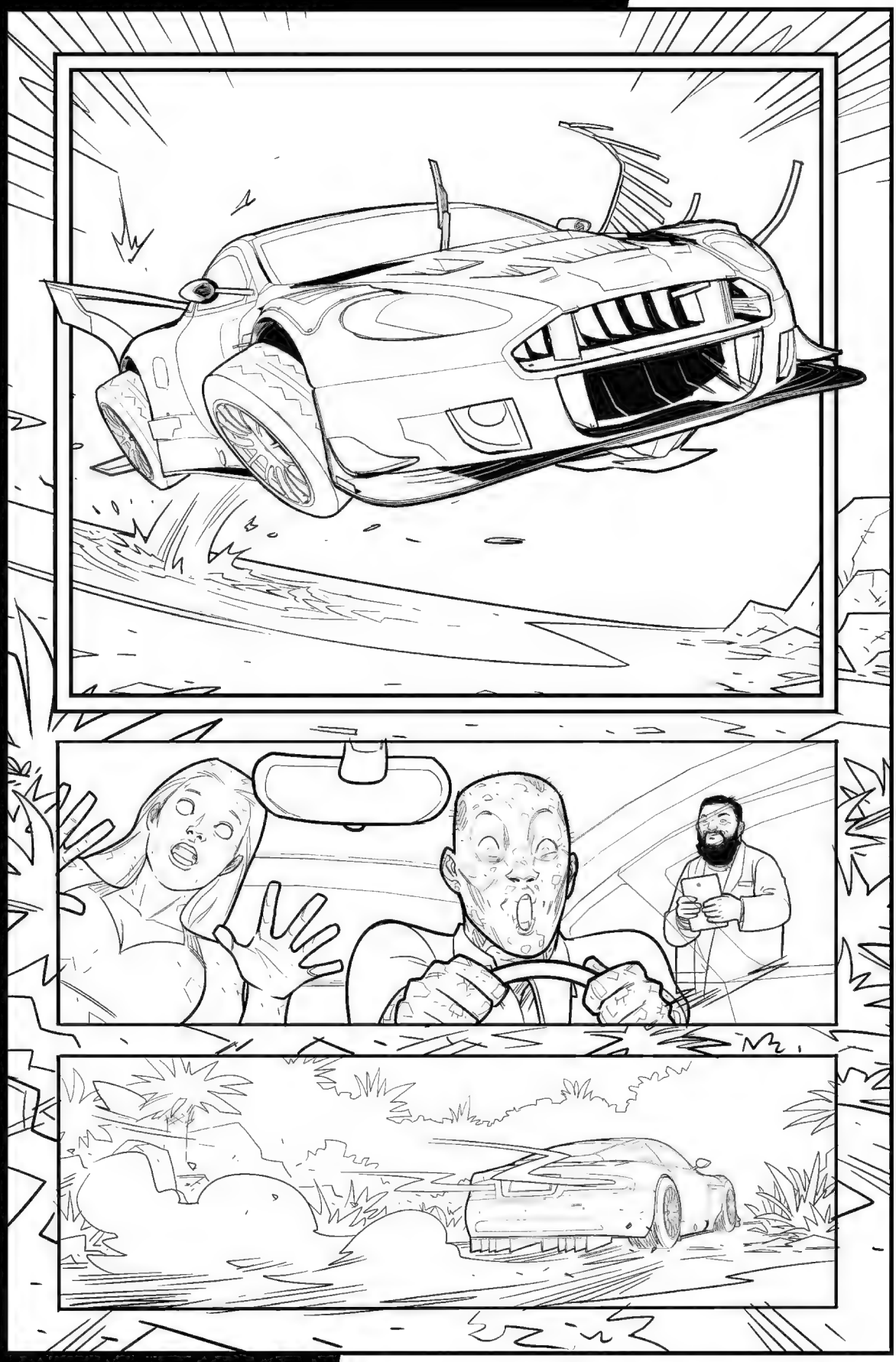
GUESS THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO...

ONE WEEK LATER...
I STILL MISS THAT LITTLE GUY.
KNOCK KNOCK
CLOPPLES!!! YOU'RE BACK!
VRRM!
NEE HEE HEE!
THAT WAS NICE! I LIKE FREELANCING WITH YOU, WADE! WHAT'S NEXT?
TECHNICALLY, IMP, THE HIT YOUR OLD PAL, JACE BURNS, PUT ON HIMSELF IS STILL OPEN...
YES, PLEASE!
THE END.

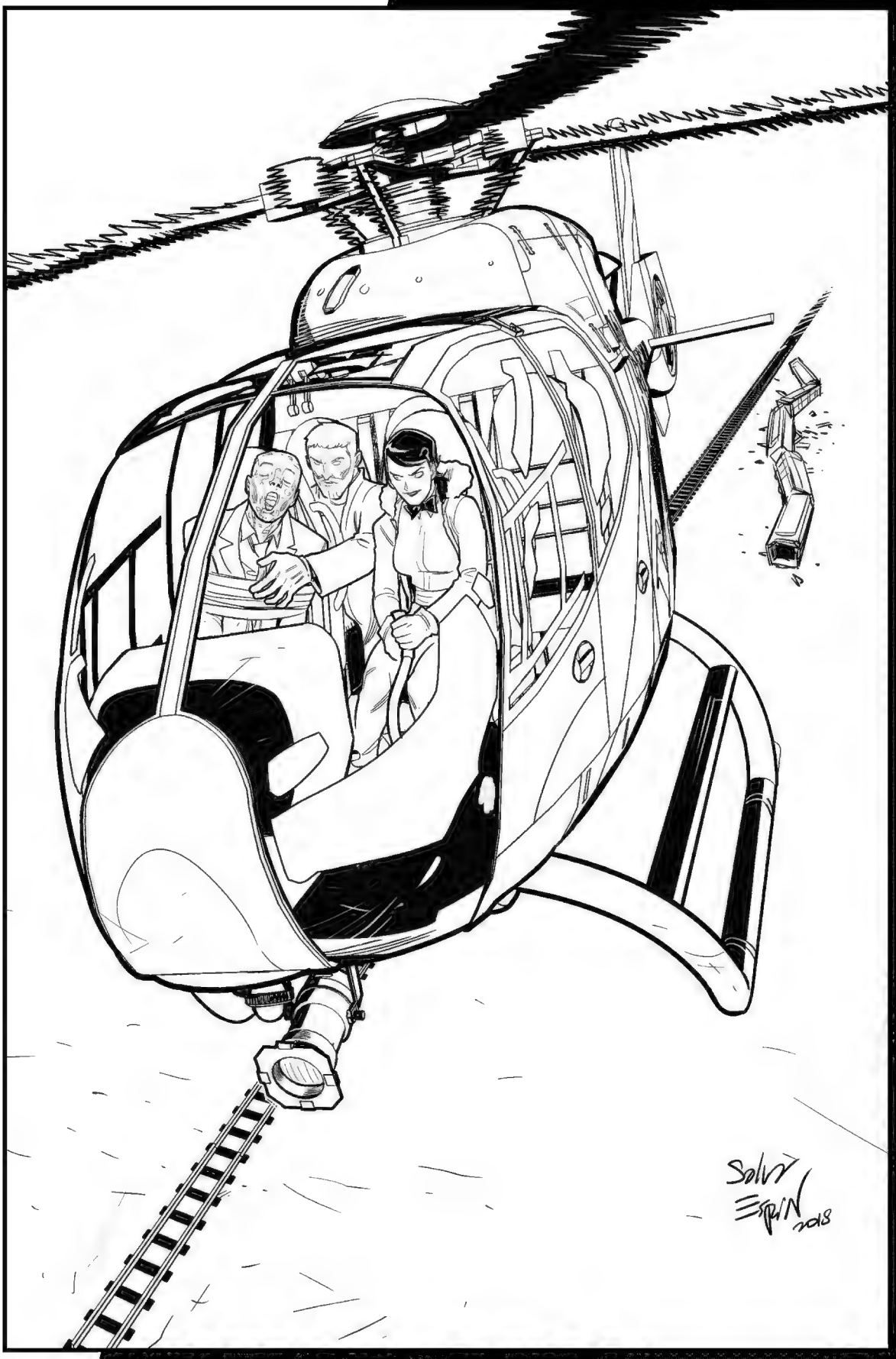
~~SECRET AGENT~~

DEADPOOL WILL RETURN.

ISSUE 1, PG. 5 ART BY SALVA ESPIN



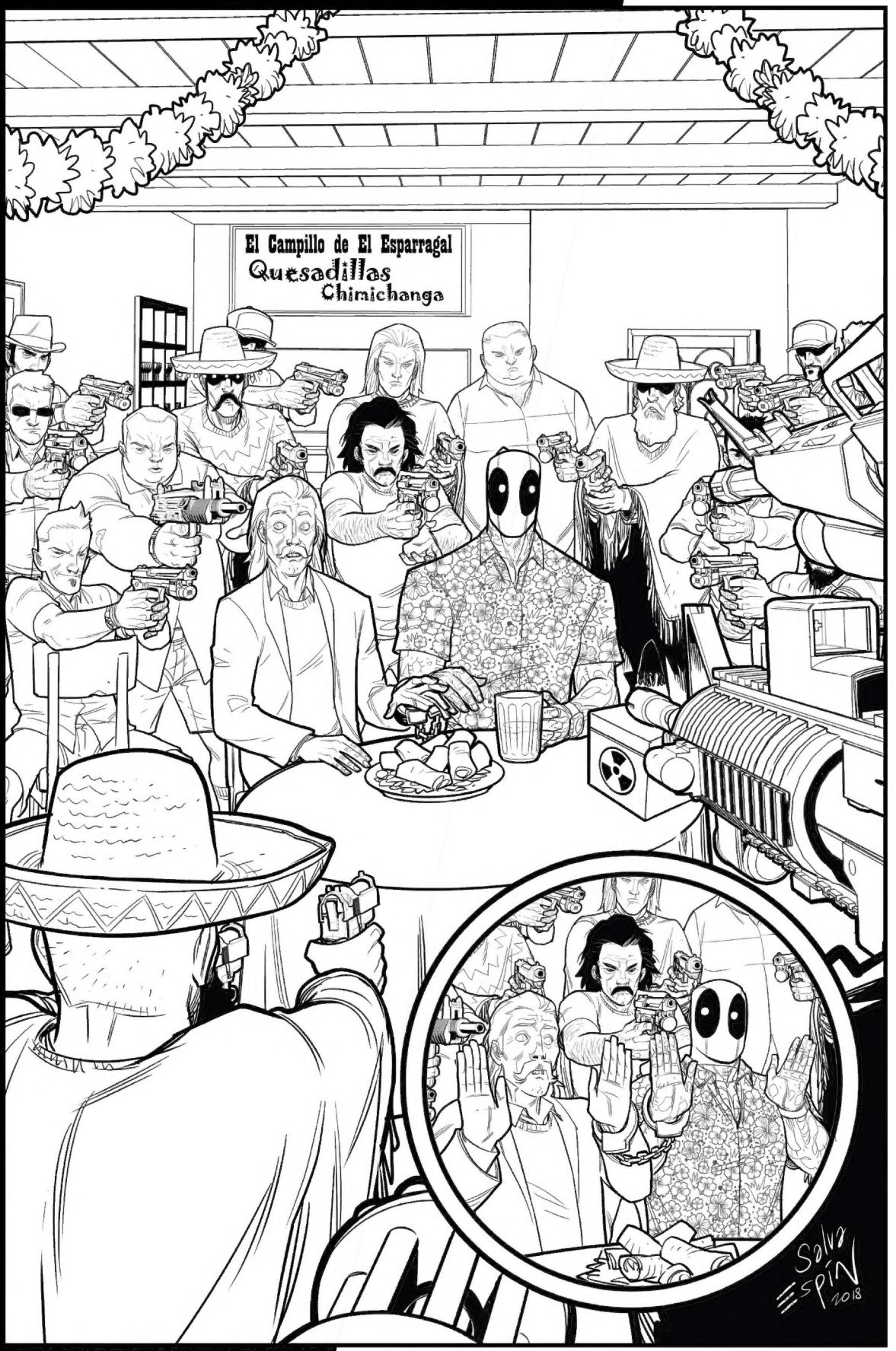
ISSUE 2, PG. 7 ART BY SALVA ESPIN



ISSUE 3, PG. 20 ART BY SALVA ESPIN

ISSUE 4, PG. 5 ART BY SALVA ESPIN

ISSUE 5, PG. 14 ART BY SALVA ESPIN

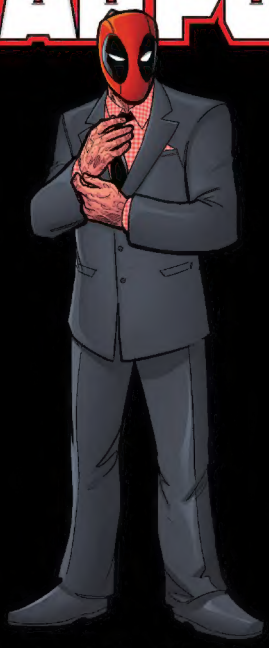


ISSUE 5, PG. 17 ART BY SALVA ESPIN

MARVEL

PREMIERE GRAPHIC NOVEL

SECRET AGENT DEADPOOL



IT'S A MARVELOUS CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY WHEN WADE WILSON, THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE YOU KNOW AS DEADPOOL, KILLS THE WRONG SECRET AGENT — AND HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND COMPLETE HIS MISSION!

BUT CAN DEADPOOL KEEP an object of paradoxical power out of the wrong hands? Pitted against the deadly terrorist organization called GORGON, it's up to Wade Wilson to finish what his superspy victim started as only Deadpool can — with excessive violence, a healing factor and more than a few laughs along the way!

BY CHRISTOPHER HASTINGS, SALVA ESPIN AND MATT YACKEY.

PARENTAL ADVISORY